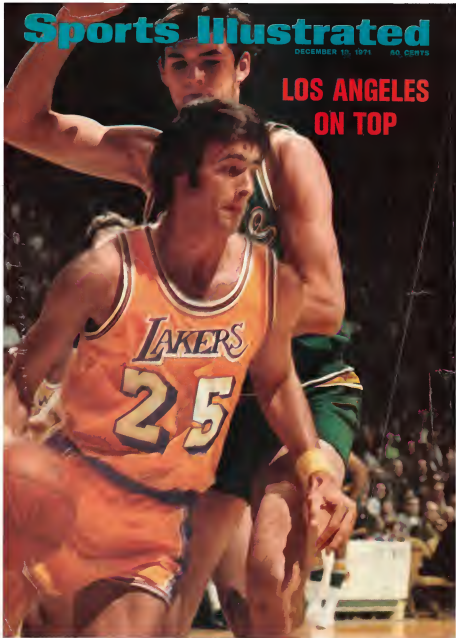


Sports Illustrated

DECEMBER 10, 1971 50 CENTS

**LOS ANGELES
ON TOP**



*When the thought is genuine,
the gift should be.*

Dewar's "White Label"

They say there are a thousand ways to make Scotch whisky. They say.

There's a little corner of the world that doesn't agree. It's the town of Perth, on the banks of Scotland's River Tay. That's where they make Dewar's "White Label."

The men of Perth will tell you that authentic Scotch whisky has to be made where the air is chill and pure,



and the water is cold. And that is the air and water of Perth.

They will tell you that authentic Scotch whisky comes only when fine single whiskies are brought from the hills and glens of Scotland and allowed to sleep like bairns in their own snug vats to the day of full maturity. And that is the way of Dewar's.

They will tell you how each whisky, in its own good time, is brought to the Master Blender himself, who swirls it in his glass... "noes" it ... sniffs it again ... and takes a long deep breath to compare its bouquet with thousands he has known before.



Gift wrapped at no extra cost.

Does he remember them all? It is said that he does.

Small wonder then that the good red-bearded Scots of Perth show a bit of honest wrath when somebody tries to tell them there are a thousand ways to make authentic Scotch whisky.

Small wonder they consider their Dewar's "White Label" the authentic Scotch of today. And want you to know it.

*Authentic.
Dewar's never varies.*



BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 40 & 50 PROOF
©SCHENLEY INDUSTRIES CO., N.Y., N.Y.

Fastest way for a guy to look great.

Congratulations. You have more hair today than a year ago. You like it. She likes it. But you're finding you have to wash it more and dry it right—or the whole look falls flat.

Because the secret of today's hair isn't just more hair, it's cleaner hair blown dry—to give it bulk and body it out. The fastest shape-up we know is the Air Brush. Clairol's new styling dryer. It's faster because it generates more air and more heat. (It's got more watts, 500, if you're counting.)

Check it out against the competition. It's light but tough. And besides two speeds, you get dual voltage. After all, a guy deserves to look great anywhere in the world. Styling combs are fine. But they're not really meant to handle a headful of wet hair.

The new Clairol® Air Brush™ is. Your hair never had it so good. Or so fast.

Clairol® Air Brush™
Man's fastest hair dryer



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Next week

A SPECIAL YEAR-END ISSUE marks the close of 1971 with the kind of dash the decade's start deserves. The Sportsman of the Year is named, a flashing figure with nerve to spare. A distinctive pictorial essay captures a quality in sport that is lacking in all too much of our society. Charlie Goren offers his annual Christmas quiz, the bowl games are reviewed, with a long look at the smasher between No. 1 and No. 2, the news is covered, highlighted by Miami vs. Baltimore as a pro football showdown week. And, as a final plus, a literary find...

ERNEST HEMINGWAY'S African Journal, part one of three excerpts from a remarkable unpublished work based on the author's 1953 Kenya safari.



**Get close to him.
Give him Gold Label Cigars.**

If he's worth gifting, he's worth gifting well. You'll find a cigar to match his personality among the Palma, Corona de Ville, Jaguar, Light Brigade and other fine Gold Label Cigars.

Gold Label Cigars come in all sizes and shapes. Like men.

And the more he knows about cigars, the more he'll appreciate Gold Label Cigars. They're crafted with fine, imported tobaccos, expertly blended and aged to perfection for distinctive smoking.

Gold Label Cigars are available in a price range of \$4 to \$16. Each is encased in its own holiday gift box.

Particularly outstanding this year is the walnut-wood, humidor-barrel of Palma Candelas. A Very Special Gift.

So do it right. Give him his kind of Gold Label Cigars. He'll know you've singled him out.

Gold Label
Factory No. 1, Tampa, Florida



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Which is perfectly reasonable for short rentals. But if you're renting longer and doing lots of driving, those miles can get pretty expensive.

Well now, at most but not all Hertz locations, we have something called pay-nothing-per-mile rates.

They mean you can drive a Ford or Camaro as far as all the miles you want without paying a mileage charge. And gas for the gas and return a full car is more you rented it.

4 days: \$69 5 days: \$85

6 days: \$99 7 days: \$109

And if you want to rent longer than 7 days the rate can be pro-rated.

on a daily basis.

The Hertz pay-nothing-per-mile rates.

Now you can think about where you want to go. Not how much it costs to get there.

For reservations and information call Hertz at 800-651-1131 toll free or your travel agent.



YOU COULD END UP OWING YOUR LIFE TO SOME DUMMY.

Stan here is made of metal and plastic.

But when his sled simulates a collision, Stan acts pretty much the way you would in your car.

Thud. Whap. Snap.

And Stan is electronically wired to tell us about his experiences.

What he tells us has helped develop capsule seats and better occupant protection. (Liberty Mutual

was a part of the initial seat belt study in 1961.)

Naturally, we hope you'll never hit anything, at any speed. But, just in case, isn't it nice to know someone like Stan has been there first.



**LIBERTY
MUTUAL**

LIBERTY MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY
LIBERTY MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY
HOME OFFICE: BOSTON

We're fighting for your life.

The Company reserves the right to determine the scope of its loss prevention service for each policyholder. © 1971

Mayflower moves people all over the world. We're even sending two people to Japan for the Winter Olympics.



And the winner could be you.

Mayflower believes in our American athletes, and offers you this chance to cheer them on to victory in person.

You could win this two-week, expenses-paid trip for two to Sapporo, Japan for the 1972 Winter Olympics.

All you have to do is fill out and mail the entry form below. No purchase necessary. Entries must be postmarked by midnight, December 24, 1971. Winners will be determined by a random drawing conducted by an independent organization.

Just imagine. You could be flying out January 31st on an intercontinental jet. Spending a night at the Tokyo Prince Hotel. Attending the Winter Olympic Games Opening Ceremonies. Enjoying all the games from

specially-reserved seats.

Then back to Tokyo for shopping and sight-seeing. And on to Kyoto and Nara for more sights, then back to the United States on February 14.

And Mayflower, the name that means moving, picks up the tab for the lucky winners.

So get moving. Send in this official entry form today.


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OFFICIAL RULES

1. Mayflower believing a healthy athletic America makes a strong America, invites you to participate in Mayflower's offer of a free trip for 2 people for 2 weeks to the Winter Olympics in Sapporo, Japan. Any person who is a citizen of the U.S. and is 18 years of age or more, may participate. There is nothing to buy. All you have to do is enter.
2. To enter the contest all you have to do is fill out an official entry form or a reasonable facsimile thereof. Extra forms may be obtained at any Mayflower agency office (there are more than 800 in the United States) or from any representative of Mayflower.
3. The entry form, or facsimile, must also list the name of a local Mayflower agency. (See the Yellow Pages.)
4. Only 1 entry per person is permitted. The entry must be postmarked on or before midnight December 24, 1971.
5. Mail your entry to:
Winter Olympics Drawing
Aero Mayflower Transit Company, Inc.
P.O. Box 1078
Indianapolis, Indiana 46206

The winner will be determined by a drawing from all eligible entries. The drawing will be conducted by the accounting firm of Ernst & Ernst, an independent and impartial organization whose decision will be final. The drawing will be held December 31, 1971, and the winner will be notified by the most expeditious means.

6. The winner will receive "round-trip" air transportation for two (2) from his home city to the Winter Olympics in Sapporo, Japan. He will join the special Sports Illustrated Magazine Winter Olympics group departing San Francisco on January 31, 1972, and returning on February 14, 1972. While touring with the Sports Illustrated Winter Olympics group, all hotel bills, meals and tips will be paid for the winner and his companion.

7. The winner must accept the trip as scheduled by Aero Mayflower Transit Co., Inc., and Sports Illustrated Magazine. Alternate trips or prizes will not be awarded. The winner may, however, transfer his entitlement as outlined in these rules, to another couple of his choice.

8. Employees of Aero Mayflower Transit Co., Inc., its advertising agencies, Sports Illustrated Magazine or Ernst & Ernst are not eligible to win.

9. This offer void in jurisdictions where not permitted by law and makes no provision for either local or federal taxes.

OFFICIAL ENTRY FORM

Enter me in the Mayflower drawing for two weeks in Sapporo, Japan at the Winter Olympics.

Name

Address

City

State Zip

Phone

Local Mayflower Agent

Mail Entry to: Winter Olympics Drawing
Aero Mayflower Transit Company, Inc.
P.O. Box 1078
Indianapolis, Indiana 46206



**Even if a kid doesn't believe in Santa and his elves,
he believes in Willis and his friends.**

The Willis Reed, Dava Cowana, Geoff Petrie, and Lou Hudson Autographed Basketballs. Just \$9.95 at better stores everywhere. Want autographed, 8x10" full color photos of all four pros? Just send \$0* (for handling costs) and your name and address to:

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CALL AN AUTOMATIC!

800-621-5611

(In Illinois 800-631-1971)

Even if it's Christmas Eve, there's still time to make a sports lover happy on Christmas morning.

You can still give a year of **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**—the Christmas gift that's a brand new surprise package every week of 1972.

Just dial the above number. It's toll free. From anywhere in the U.S. Our operators are waiting to take your order any day or night except Sunday.

If you'd like, we'll airmail a **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** gift card to announce your surprise. Just tell the operator.

Nothing could be easier. And no gift could be more certain to please the men and boys on your list.

After all, doesn't every male enjoy sports?

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And because you can give it by reaching for your telephone.



SPORTS ILLUSTRATED for CHRISTMAS

ONE YEAR FOR \$12, AND \$10 FOR EACH ADDITIONAL GIFT.

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Who are you saving the Old Taylor for?



Give your good friends the best Bourbon this Christmas.

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY 40-50% ALC/VOL (80-100 PROOF) THE OLD TAYLOR DISTILLERY CO. FRANKFORT, KY. ©1994

BOOKTALK

Desk your shelves with volumes sporty on scoring and scoring and score-ordering

Book publishers, who were reminded what a rich lede the sports field can be when *Jarvis Replay* and *Ball Four* broke through in the bestseller lists, have been mining it with unmitigated vigor this year. As a result, the Christmas-gift book buyer has a wide selection of titles from which to choose. None of these will be bestsellers, but here are some noteworthy selections.

Few participant sports pack the esthetic punch of sailing. In Richard A. Wolters' illustrated *The Art and Technique of Sailing* (McGraw-Hill, \$14.95), the beginning or prospective sailor is given an A-to-Z primer in the sport, including such facts as initial costs (a few hundred dollars to several thousand), history and most of the do's and don'ts. The text is presented in a concise Q-and-A fashion in the opening section, then in neat subheadings that make browsing easy and fruitful.

The Old Ball Game—Baseball in Folklore and Fiction (Herder and Herder, \$6.50) by Professor T. R. P. Coffin of the University of Pennsylvania is a scholar's joy, but its precision, which sometimes verges on pedantry, may put off the hard-edge jock. A chapter on Ring Lardner is alone worth the price of admission.

Bob Broeg has assembled quite another species in *Super Stars of Baseball* (The Sporting News, St. Louis, \$8.95), which covers the field, from Alexander, Grover C., to Young, Cy, in more down-to-earth terms. It is rich with color, anecdote and fact enough for the most knowledgeable fan. Broeg, the sports editor of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, has a keen eye for the trivial but illuminating incident (e.g., Bob Feller's schoolboy composition, in which he imagines himself a tree that is cut down and made into a home plate).

John Fillion, the native Philadelphian who became the first American *narrador de toros* in Spain in 1963, brings a rare knowledge and a nice appreciation of the sport's nuances to *Ballfighting* (Dial Press, \$12.50). In addition, the author has contributed more than 20 of his own line drawings, which are accompanied by more than 200 photographs by Robert Vavra.

When the first *Whole Earth Catalog* came out in 1968, it immediately became the bible of the counterculture. Three years and five editions have followed, but the publishers assure us that *The Last Whole Earth Catalog* (Random House, Portola Institute, \$5) really is the last whole earth catalog. Its 447 pages contain a multitude of the mundane as well as the esoteric: who builds the best canoes, how to buy a used air-

plane, which mushrooms are edible, a concise, well-thought-out digest of how and where even to a section on how to go your own whole earth catalog.

For the approximately 150 million people who attend some kind of basketball game every year, Joe James' *Basketball—The American Game* (Follett, \$12.95) is a many-faceted treat, a salute to Mr. Naismith's invention. James has pointed his fact-filled book toward historians, theorists, aficionados, armchair coaches, trivia lovers, gossips—in short, everybody. It is all held together by an impressive gallery of photographs.

Jose Torres, the Puerto Rican boxer who once held the light-heavyweight championship of the world, is probably the most accomplished writer who ever won a title. That, of course, ranks him first in a very limited field. His biography of Muhammad Ali, . . . *Stupe Like a Bee* (Abelard-Schuman, \$6.95), reveals the limitations. Nevertheless, Torres is well equipped to analyze Ali's unorthodox style, and when he is dealing with the technical skills of the former heavy-weight champion, he speaks with authority.

Anyone interested in the sea will find Jack Rudloe's *The Frothy Ocean* (World, \$15) a fascinating book and one that will be consulted often. A professional collector of marine animals, Rudloe has written a stunning beachcomber's handbook that is unique in the field. Whether dealing with the sandy-shore habitat or the ways of the shrimp, he knows his subjects first hand.

Home Book of Smoked-Cookery Meat, Fish & Game (Stackpole, Harrisburg, Pa., \$7.95) by Jack Sleight and Raymond Huff tells everything you've always wanted to know about smoke cookery, and then some. It is strictly utilitarian—no pretty pictures of beef Wellington on a bed of radish roses here. Instead, the authors include diagrams of smoke ovens, including one made from an old refrigerator. Recipes and cues and tidbits like smoked pumpkin seeds, eggs, frogs' legs and blueberries—yes, blueberries.

Joe Paterno, the immensely successful coach at Penn State, is a perceptive and innovative man. What he says is worth listening to, both as to college football and life in general. In *Joe Paterno—Football Mr. Han* (Macmillan, \$6.95), authors Merwin D. Hyman and Gordon S. White Jr. have distilled a well-organized and readable essence of the Paterno philosophy on such subjects as the faults of college football, the case for the black athlete and the evils of recruiting. A remarkable statement.

Jowar, by James Whitehead (Knopf, \$7.95), is an erudite, pretentious, libidinous and convoluted first novel about a former football player with a game plan for violence. Some of the writing is vivid, but too much of it is tasteless and purposely far out. Whitehead is on the side of the angels, writes like the devil and has a gift for characterization and wit.

Brut for Men.

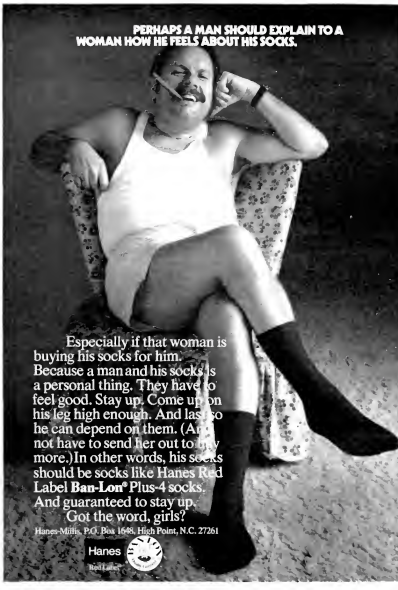
If you have
any doubts
about yourself,
try
something else.



After Shave, after Shave, after anything.
Brut by Fabergé.



PERHAPS A MAN SHOULD EXPLAIN TO A
WOMAN HOW HE FEELS ABOUT HIS SOCKS.



Especially if that woman is
buying his socks for him.
Because a man and his socks is
a personal thing. They have to
feel good. Stay up. Come up on
his leg high enough. And last so
he can depend on them. (And
not have to send her out to buy
more.) In other words, his socks
should be socks like Hanes Red
Label **Ban-Lon**® Plus-4 socks.
And guaranteed to stay up.
Got the word, girls?

Hanes-Mills, P.O. Box 1648, High Point, N.C. 27261

Hanes

Red Label



17 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report (Aug '78).



Put some more flavor in your life.

Smoke from the finest tobaccos filtered through a bed of real charcoal
to enrich the flavor and soften the taste.

AMF mixes business with pleasure. Profitably.



Tank cars and kiddie cars. The business of life, the pleasure of life.

Tank cars and kiddie cars. What's the tie that binds? The wheels? No—that's just a connection on the surface. What counts is this:

AMF makes them both. And each represents a part of AMF—the world of industry, the world of leisure.

AMF Beaird makes rail tank cars for the bulk transportation of petroleum, chemicals, and foods. AMF Wheel Goods makes everything from kiddie cars to bikes and coaster wagons for the transportation of children.

On the one hand, industrial products that

reduce cost, increase efficiency, and create more leisure time; on the other, a quality line of leisure products that help man spend that extra time.

Tank cars and kiddie cars. Industry and leisure. Business and Pleasure. It's our way of doing business. And it's a unique idea that's kept AMF's wheels rolling to record profits. One look at our '71 First Quarter Earnings Report and you'll see what we mean.

AMF Incorporated, 261 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. 10016.

AMF

SEASON'S
GREETINGS



The Chivas Regal of Scotches.

12 YEARS OLD WHISKY - BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY - 86 PROOF - GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO., NEW YORK, N.Y.

The Sears Dynaglass Ice & Snow Tire. Why you need it on your car this winter.

1. This traction groove is designed to get you through deep snow.

2. These studs are designed to stop you on glare ice.

Sears has developed a tire that can take you through winter's toughest tests.

Sears Dynaglass Ice & Snow Tire. With the traction groove down the center to keep the gripping edges open and clear of snow, while it puts the traction where most of a car's weight rides, on the tire shoulders.

So it bites deep and goes, in heavy snow. Grips and stops, on slick-packed snow. And with studs, digs in and stops on glare ice. (Studs optional at extra cost wherever legal.)

Two tough fiber glass belts give our Dynaglass Ice & Snow Tire extra traction and extra strength.

And because of its unique tread design, you can put it on two or four wheels, with or without studs—and it still runs quiet.

It's the finest bias-belted winter tire we've ever offered.

And when you buy it, you can use Sears Easy Payment Plan.

The Dynaglass Ice & Snow Tire. Only at Sears, Roebuck and Co.



Sears

Tire and Auto Centers
Where you buy tires
with confidence.





**PUERTO RICO.
IT NEVER CLOSES.**

Puerto Rico is an island in the sun.
With an emerald rain forest. Sandy,
ivory beaches. Ancient gray fortresses.
Rolling golf greens.

All of that.

It is also an island in the moon.

San Juan night life means dining
in nineteenth-century restaurants,
letting the calories rise as they may.
Spending time at the casinos, letting
the chips fall as they may.

Here, you live and dance and party

instead of sleeping the night away.
Come to Puerto Rico. Compared to
the rest of the Caribbean,
it's like night and day.



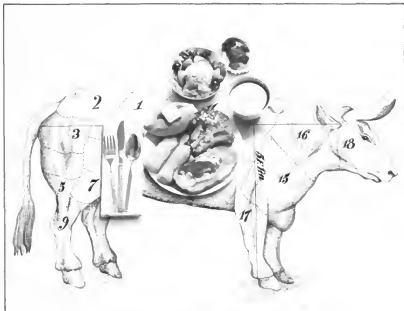
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THE BEST RUN COMPANY IN THE SKY INTRODUCES THE BEEFEATER.

For our Los Angeles bound Coach passengers: big, juicy cuts of roast prime rib. (The same prime beef we use in First Class.) Served au jus on warmed, individually prepared plates — on all non-stop lunch and dinner flights between Chicago and Los Angeles.

For information and reservations, call your travel agent or Continental Airlines at 686-6500.



CONTINENTAL AIRLINES 
THE PROUD BIRD WITH THE GOLDEN TAIL



The 15-minute casserole. The 2-minute hamburger. The 58-minute roast.

Give your wife the 21st century.



The new Hotpoint Microwave Oven. It's about the size of a portable TV set. Model RL 920.

With the new Hotpoint Portable Microwave Oven you can take a 5½ lb. roast out of the refrigerator, cook it, and serve it 58 minutes later.

You can bake a potato in 8 minutes. Or a hamburger on a bun in 2 minutes. Or a Hostess Tuna Fish Casserole in 15 minutes. You can even reheat an entire evening meal right on the serving plate in 4 minutes. And it won't dry out.

You can put our Portable Microwave Oven on a countertop. Or on the patio. No special wiring is required. All you need is a conventional 120 volt grounded outlet to plug it into.

If you think our Portable Microwave Oven is a great way to supplement your present cooking arrangement, we can surprise you even more with our complete cooking center: The Hotpoint Electronic Oven Range.

It turns hours of cooking into minutes. Then it cleans itself electrically. And you get all this double-oven luxury in just 30 inches of space.

The self-cleaning lower oven lets you cook conventionally or with microwaves, or both ways at the same time. And removable panels and racks from the conventional upper oven and

drip pans from the range-top can be placed in the pyrolytic self-cleaning oven below. Everything comes clean as new.

These appliances are a great value made to last.

Which is how we make the entire line of Hotpoint appliances. And even then we're not satisfied. Because no matter where you live, one phone call will bring a Hotpoint serviceman running if you ever need him.

Either of these Hotpoint electronic cooking machines would make a gift your wife would love you for. But if you think they belong in the 21st century, you're wrong.

They belong in your kitchen Now.



Our de luxe model. RHV 886.



An ad is what you do when you can't call in person.

It's as simple as that.

When your potential customers are numbered in millions, you can't send a salesman to tell each one about your product. So you send an ad.

And, like the salesman it's filling in for, an ad has to understand the person it's talking to — as an intelligent, sensitive human being. It has to show how the product fits into that individual's life and provides something he or she wants. Clearly, quickly, interestingly.

If it doesn't, the page gets turned just as emphatically as the door was once slammed on the salesman.



Ads like this one have been delivering personal messages to women about all the new forms of Kleenex tissues. They've been telling them about the Jewel Boxes, the colorful Boutique[®] and handsome Kleenex Americana[®] tissue boxes.

And millions of women have responded by buying the product. Again and again.

Maybe it was because the people at Kimberly-Clark Corporation and their agency, Foote, Cone & Belding, spent a lot of time talking to consumers — listening to what they were saying about the changes in their life-styles — understanding them.

Maybe it was because they interpreted that understanding into vibrant new product colors, innovative packages and designs that women were ready for.

Maybe it was the human, personal kind of messages they created to tell women about this new form of a well-known old product.

More likely it was all of these things, working together to produce a marketing success. Kimberly-Clark profited. The facial tissue industry grew. More new products developed. Additional jobs were created. American bathrooms and kitchens and bedrooms became a little more colorful.

And instead of taking years, as it would with personal calls, it all happened in a matter of months.

So, while advertising is just a substitute for a personal sales call, you could hardly call it a poor substitute.

Advertising
about Advertising
One of a series sponsored by
Time, Life, Fortune,
Sports Illustrated
This ad prepared by
Foote, Cone & Belding Advertising



Why pickpockets like a winter vacation as much as you do.

You go south to the warm sea breezes and the hot, bright sun just to get away from winter, right?

So does a pickpocket.

But the difference is that while you're down there relaxing, he's hard at work getting something besides a suntan. Your wallet full of cash—you thought about protecting with American Express Travelers Cheques but didn't. After all, you weren't going abroad. And it meant one more thing to do.

Too bad you didn't. Because American Express Travelers Cheques are the sure way to protect your money—and your vacation.

If they're lost or stolen, you can go to the local American Express, subsidiary or representative office—they're all over the U.S. and the world—and get your missing Cheques replaced.

Even on weekends and holidays in the U.S. and western Europe, American Express can arrange an emergency refund of up to \$100 to tide you over. To get your emergency refund in the U.S., call Western Union Operator 25. In western Europe, call the nearest Avis Rent A Car office.

Only American Express gives refunds 365

days a year.

Our Cheques are good everywhere—at restaurants, nightclubs, hotels, motels, resorts, gas stations, stores—both here and abroad.

You can get American Express Travelers Cheques where you bank for just a penny per dollar.

They're good as cash when you spend them—and a lot better should you lose them.

So protect yourself and your next trip with American Express Travelers Cheques.

Because it could happen to you.

Another travel hint: get confirmed hotel and car rental reservations worldwide in seconds ... free. Call American Express Space Bank™. Reservations toll-free at (800) AE 8-5000.



**THE TRAVELERS CHEQUE
AMERICAN EXPRESS
FOR PEOPLE WHO TRAVEL™**

Educate your friends

Give Ballantine's, the Scotch that wrote the book on quality and taste.



*Holiday Thought: The more they learn
about Scotch, the more they'll appreciate Ballantine's.*

Be a Ballantine's Loyalist

BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND; BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY. 86 PROOF. IMPORTED BY "20" BRANDS, INC. NY

For peak performance, now nothing comes close to Jeep guts.



The Jeep.
It climbs to the top with standard engines
even more powerful than before.



The Jeep original climbs like a mountain goat. And no wonder. Now it's got a standard 232 CID 6-cylinder engine to keep on going just about anywhere. And the optional 258 CID 6 and 304 CID V-8 engines are the mightiest we've ever offered. All that extra power will be there when you need it.

But engines aren't the whole story on Jeep guts. We've redesigned the front axle and steering gear to cut 6 feet from the turning diameter. You can turn around so sharply you'll almost meet

yourself coming the other way.



Yet this new multi-purpose Jeep vehicle is a couple of inches longer and has a wider track. That improves stability. You've got a 4-wheel drive vehicle you can trust. What's more, the clutch and brakes are bigger. And stronger. So you can go better. And stop better.

Why not stop now at your Jeep dealer? He'll get you going in a Jeep vehicle. To a world ordinary drivers never discover.

Toughest 4-letter word on wheels.



Jeep

Drive your Jeep vehicle with care and keep America the Beautiful.

The 450. This is as high as you can go.



The 450 is the finest Polaroid Land camera we make.

It has our revolutionary Focused Flash system that throws exactly the right amount of light on your subject, automatically. (As you focus the camera little louvers open or close in front of the flashcube.)

All other exposures are automatically controlled by an electric eye and electronic shutter.

A Zeiss Ikon rangefinder-viewfinder makes focusing precise and simple.

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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CRAMER

TARGET OF OPPORTUNITY

There seems little chance that the politicians will let up on sport before the 1972 elections are over. It's hard to blame them. Few subjects give a Congressman a better chance for instant ink than a blast at the evils of baseball or football or basketball, although most of the attacks are of the closing-the-barn-door variety. Politicians tend not to cope with problems until they become insoluble.

The transmigration of the Washington Senators into the Texas Rangers is a current case in point. Congressmen have beaten their breasts to a pulp deploring this insult to the nation's capital and vowing all sorts of punitive legislation to bring 11 baseball to its knees and 21 major league team back to Washington. We did not entirely approve of the move ourselves; we like tradition, and Washington has always been a part of the major league tapestry. But, really, what is so terrible about shifting the team to Texas? Very few people went to the ball games in Washington, including the tearful Congressmen. It is likely that folks around Dallas and Fort Worth are pleased with their new toy and ready to support it financially. Certainly, the switch to Texas will stimulate the American League and, by extension, all of baseball.

And why must a new team be put into Washington? Congress and baseball appear to agree on the prime reason: the chances of anti-baseball legislation being enacted would be considerably less if major league baseball were restored to the capital city. Now isn't that a laudable argument?

Characteristic of this embarrassing rhetoric is the San Diego incident. A local Congressman reacted predictably when he heard rumors that the woe-begone Padres might move to Washington. He became a gallant, highly publicized defender of San Diego's inalienable right to major league baseball. E. J. (Buzzie) Bavasi, president of the Padres, who will need more than speech-

es to keep his attendance-poor club alive, wrote the Congressman a thank-you note and added that he was enclosing an application for season tickets to Padre home games. The Congressman had to put his money where his mouth was. If they had done that in Washington, the Senators would still be there.

BESTSELLER

Rather interesting, this report published by The Morion Research Corporation. Not so much the contents, which consist of a "marketing, economic and financial investigation" into the sporting goods and equipment industry (sales of sporting goods are expected to reach \$1.5 billion in 1975), it's the price. Only 65 pages long and spiral-bound, the booklet sells for \$50 a copy.

POOR SPORT

Florida, winning 45-8 in the closing minutes of its last game of the season, deliberately let rival Miami score (51, Dec. 6) so that it could regain possession of the ball and give Quarterback John Reeves one more chance to break Jim Plunkett's collegiate record for career passing yardage. Reeves did and Florida celebrated and woke up next morning with a bad taste in its mouth.

What Florida had forgotten is that the lifeblood of sport is competition, real competition, the honest try. Records-making them and breaking them are part of the fun of sport, but a vital part of that fun is validity. Florida helped establish a contrived record by keeping Reeves and the first string in the game long before the shameful laydown, even though it was obvious that Miami was hopelessly beaten.

Some Floridians, stung by criticism, have said, "Well, who did it hurt?" Off-hand, we would say Miami, a traditional and presumably honored rival, which was humiliated. Football, which wavers between the parody of what the game is supposed to be. The record, which was cheapened. Jim Plunkett,

whose yardage was legitimately achieved. And John Reeves, who will be remembered now not as the superb performer he has been for three seasons but as the guy who got thephony record.

WIN ONE FOR THE DELI

Dave & Let's Deli, a restaurant in Buffalo, is a sort of upstate reincarnation of Manhattan's famous Lundy's, except that Len Levin, the proprietor, likes to pamper his customers once in a while something that Leo Lundy felt was demeaning both to himself and the customer, he should drop dead first. Levin, who says his place is Buffalo's only New York-style restaurant, is a big sports fan and a relentless follower of Buffalo's pro football Bills and basketball Braves and hockey Sabres. He gives away hammers and hats (in New York they'd take away your hat, if you didn't watch it) and promises a special treat for each customer after every Buffalo victory. He also gives away a comforting kosher dill pickle after every loss.

The way the Bills, the Braves and the Sabres have been going this year, the special treat has been no problem. But the pickles... don't ask. The Deli has to send



away to Hester Street in New York for them, and it's been a nightmare keeping enough on hand.

TORRE STORY

Here is another version of the water-protein diet that so many people have tried. After he won the National League's batting championship and Most Valuable Player award, beefy Joe Torre of the St. Louis Cardinals received a lot of pub-

Continued

lucy about bringing his weight down from 228 to 200. Farris kept asking how he did it, and the Cardinal front office began mailing out copies of the regimen he followed. Now Torre says he gets more requests for the diet than he does for his autograph.

Torre warns that no one should diet before consulting a doctor and adds that this one should not be followed for more than two weeks at a time. The lineup:

You can have

Steak (trim the fat), chopped steak or chicken—broiled or grilled

Eggs—poached or boiled

Lettuce—Torre used only vinegar on it

Ice-cream or other sugarless soft drink

Coffee or tea—no sugar

You can't have

Beer, booze, milk, fried foods, vegetables, ice cream, butter, bread, potatoes, desserts, fruit

Drink at least 80 ounces of water a day (the more water you drink, the more weight you will lose).

Salt is O.K.

Sugarless gum and candy are O.K. to chew or nibble while you watch TV.

You don't have to starve. Eat as often as you like.

If you lose weight, you, too, can be an MVP. If you can hit.

PROVINCIAL NOTE

The *New Yorker* magazine, it has told its readers, is not edited for the little old lady in Duquesne. Nor, apparently for the little old football fan west of the Alleghenies. In a football column the other day, *The New Yorker* said, "Nebraska 35, Oklahoma 31, on a last-minute touchdown as good as Army's—a fitting replacement for the Cornell-Pennsylvania Thanksgiving Day game of so many years. . . ."

CHECK, MATE

In the swirl of news about Bobby Fischer's stunning victory in Argentina (SI, Nov. 8), not much was said about Russia's Boris Spassky, who will defend his world chess championship against Fischer next year. Spassky, 34, is handsome, gregarious and talkative. He knows Fischer—he played and beat him a year or so ago—and likes him. "I understand him," Spassky says. "I know what he went through when he temporarily withdrew from chess."

Spassky, a mod dresser for staid Rus-

sia, lives in a comfortable two-room apartment in a VIP building in Moscow with his second wife and their small son. He drives a car he bought with money he won at a tournament in California in 1966, plays bridge, is a gifted mime and likes to make fun of himself. He has a serious side, too. He was outspokenly critical of the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia in 1968 and escaped serious trouble apparently because of the fool's freedom chess masters in Russia traditionally enjoy.

Soviet experts generally feel that Spassky and Fischer are evenly matched, though one Russian authority says flatly that Spassky will lose because "he is lazy."

"I am lazy," Spassky says. "I don't take months to prepare for a tournament, the way the old chess masters did. But I make up for it by working much harder while the game is in progress. My real incentive when I sit down to play is the confidence I have that I will win."

AIRTIGHT

In its six games this year, California's Rialto Junior High was undefeated, untied and unscored on. But wait, there is more. In the six games, Rialto's defensive team gave up a total of eight yards. That averages out to 1.3 yards a game.

And everybody talks about Nebraska's defense.

NOME IN INDIANA

The city of Indianapolis went Christmas shopping recently, saw a tennis stadium it liked in Cleveland and decided to buy it and have it shipped the 300 miles home—6,300 seats, press box, fencing and all.

Cleveland's tennis facility, site of three Davis Cup Challenge Rounds and three Wightman Cup events, had to be sold because it was located on much-needed school-board property. Indianapolis was able to pick up a real bargain—a like-new seven-year-old stadium at one-third the cost of building a new one.

When it is put back together on Indianapolis' north side, the stadium will form the core of a \$750,000 tennis complex planned for completion in time for next August's U.S. Clay Court Open. It will seat 8,000, have lights and be second only to Forest Hills in size and style. The new stadium will be surrounded by field courts to

accommodate large tournaments, but will be strictly a public facility.

Stan Malles, secretary of the USLTA and chairman of the U.S. Clay Court tournament the last three years, hopes to secure the Davis and Wightman Cups, too, and he envisions a series of women's matches with a country "other than Great Britain," presumably Australia.

"Our biggest job will be dismantling this thing in Cleveland, moving it and then reassembling it here in Indianapolis," Malles said. "It's happened so quickly, we have what you might call instant stadium."

SEMANTICS

I like "great," "classic" is a word badly overused in sport. Properly, it is a "work of the highest order," a truly superior game, for instance. Or it can just be applied to a famous traditional event. But nowadays every other golf tournament is a "classic," and a basketball get-together that isn't a festival of some sort is classic, too.

Perhaps the trouble comes from sports' close association with the clothing industry, which likes to refer to a classic suit. But a classic suit is nothing special: it is really something standard, even ordinary.

Don't tell sports promoters that. How would you like it if people went around calling a war basketball tournament the Mountaineer, Cornhusker, Sunbowl, Bayou, Kentucky, Marshall, Jayhawk, Cowboy, Cable Car, Queen City or Sunshine Ordinary?

THEY SAID IT

● Gary Hammond, SMU's senior quarterback, after his final game: "You start out in college worrying about growing up, and when you finish you're worrying about growing old."

● Frank McGuire, South Carolina basketball coach: "The Cable Car Classic takes us to San Francisco. We've already chartered two jets for the trip. Our kids get to the West Coast, to Chicago twice, to Texas, to New York and to Las Vegas. I'm not running a basketball show. I've got a geography class."

● Bob Cousy, Cincinnati Royal coach, on the sparse crowd of 2,379 that showed up for a recent Cincinnati game in Baltimore: "I looked around and saw a small crowd. I thought we were playing at home."

END



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BY DROP

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LOOK WHAT'S AFOOT

Greg Landry (left) is a quarterback with a strange fixation. He thinks he is Jimmy Brown. At least it seemed strange to the pros when he came to the Detroit Lions from the University of Massachusetts a few years ago and started running for 76 yards on quarterback draws and making NFL linebackers wish he would fall on his Wishbone. Now they're not so sure. Greg Landry may have something after all.

What he probably has is the pro offense of the future, only he has it right now. Going into last weekend's game, Landry was the 13th best rusher in the NFC with 455 yards, and his 7.6-yard average per carry was the best in the entire league, better than Larry Csonka's, better than Willie Elston's, who set an alltime single-game record of 247 yards Sunday. Speaking of Sunday, in the Lions' 23-20 loss to Philadelphia, Landry scored two touchdowns while running the ball seven times for 42 yards and completed 14 of 23 passes for 230 yards.

It is this remarkable blend of hand and foot that makes Landry something special, the harbinger of things to come in pro football, the doomsayer of the last days of the dropback passer.

Coincidentally, two of the best of the dropbacks—or, as we may soon be calling them, throwbacks—Joe Namath and Bart Starr (p. 20-21), returned to action a couple of weeks ago, and Johnny Unitas, perhaps the best, started for the second time this season and was his old, archetypal self as the Colts beat the Raiders 37-14. But they may be among the last survivors of a breed that could go the way of the 325-pound middle guard.

"You are going to see a lot of big, running quarterbacks in the next few years," says Joe Schmidt, the head coach of the

Now it's a pro quarterback, of all things. Detroit's Greg Landry runs so well he has the entire NFL dropping back to contemplate the options

by **TEX MAULE**

Lions. "The Wishbone is developing them, so there will be a supply. And a running quarterback really puts a load on the defense."

Schmidt has even installed option plays—the heart of the old split-T formation, the granddaddy of the Wishbone—to take advantage of Landry's running ability. While such quarterbacks as Roger Staubach and Fran Tarkenton are noted for their running, they are essentially scramblers—that is, they run when their receivers are covered or to elude a fierce pass rush. Landry, on the other hand, usually runs by design, calling his own number on the quarterback draw or going wide on the option, and with signal success.

The Lions are probably the only NFL team to use the option. "Steve Owens really makes it go," says Landry. "He keeps the defense honest on the inside. He freezes the linebackers when he fakes up the middle. Then when I swing out, I can either keep the ball or pitch out to Albie Taylor. It puts a terrific burden on the linebackers."

Wayne Walker, the veteran corner linebacker for the Lions, defended against the split T in college and knows as much about the option as anyone, but that is not enough. "There isn't any real answer to it yet," he says. "Especially when you have a quarterback who runs as well as Greg. It's a very disheartening thing for the defense."

The threat Landry poses actually tran-

sends his ability to run. When he drops back to pass, he is far more than a passing threat, like Starr and Namath, for there is always the strong possibility that he will run.

"I was too anxious to run last year," he says. "Then Mike Lucio, our middle linebacker, pointed something out to me. I'd drop back, look for the primary receiver, then run. Lucio told me to wait, look for another receiver, then run. The longer I wait, the deeper the linebackers go with the receivers and the more room I have to run in. I've broken some long ones this year doing that."

"A running quarterback like Landry demoralizes a defense," Walker says. "Say it's third and six and he drops back to pass and your coverage is perfect. He tucks the ball away and runs for eight and the first down. Now you have done everything right, no one

continued

Halfback Taylor spectates as Landry scores.



missed an assignment and still they got the first down. So after a while you start making adjustments and the adjustments leave gaps in the defense and he takes advantage of the gaps."

Chuck Knox, coach of the Lion offensive line, points out another benefit of having a running quarterback. "The defensive lines are so big and so quick now that a lot of clubs have to keep their running backs in to help protect the passer," he says. "That means you're only sending out three receivers into zone coverage, and they stand very little chance of getting open. But with Greg, the rush is inhibited by the chance he will run, so we can release our running backs into the passing patterns."

As of this year, the Cowboys, with Staubach, and the Saints, with Archie Manning, could utilize the option and the quarterback draw, but Manning has been injured much of the season and Dallas Coach Tom Landry, although an innovator in many respects, strongly disapproves of running quarterbacks.

"I like to run," Greg Landry says. "When I came up, Coach Schmidt used to tell me to stay in the pocket. I remember in one game last year I ran four or five times and when the game was over, he said, 'Greg, I told you not to run so much.' 'I know, Coach,' I said. 'I'm sorry.' He looked at me for a minute, then he said, 'If you keep it up, we'll do something to stop it.'"

The following week, despite Schmidt's warning, Landry ran seven times and gained 77 yards. After the game, which the Lions won, Schmidt cornered him. "I said, 'I didn't mean to run, Coach,'" says Landry. "He said, 'You remember what I said last week?' I nodded, figuring he was going to get on me again, but he just grinned and said, 'Well, forget it. Run whenever you want to.'"

When he was an All-Conference quarterback at Massachusetts, Landry ran about as often as he threw the ball. His indoctrination into the complexity of attacking a pro defense came when he played for the College All-Stars against

the Packers in 1968, and his coach in that game was one of the nonrunningst quarterbacks in the history of pro football, Norman Van Brocklin, now the Atlanta coach.

Van Brocklin, however, did not try to inhibit Landry, a big youngster who looks so much like Gomer Pyle that the Lions have nicknamed him Gomer—to his disgust. He is remarkably self-confident for a 24-year-old in his fourth season, a quality he may have picked up from Van Brocklin, who exudes it.

"I remember one thing about that All-Star Game," says Landry. "I hit Charlie Sanders between two defensive backs and I had to drill the ball low, so there wouldn't be any chance of an interception. When I came to the sidelines after we had to punt, Van Brocklin patted me on the back. 'Hell of a pass, kid,' he told me. 'There's only one other quarterback I know who could have completed that pass.' 'Who's that?' I said. 'You're looking at him,' he said."

Landry, of course, has a good arm as

THE RETURN OF A COUPLE OF OLD STICKS-IN-THE-POCKET



Namath and Ewbank commute in practice.

It was almost like old times last week for a pair of ex-Alabama quarterbacks, Joseph William Namath of the Jets and Bryan Burdett Stuart of the Packers. Both were returning to play after injury and surgery, but there ends all similarity between Swinger and Straight Arrow.

Namath's hernias started (and ended) a week ago Sunday against the 49ers in Shea Stadium. As the Jets' pro tem quarterback, Bob Davin, lay writhing with a sprained ankle midway in the second quarter, the

packed stands exploded because the fans knew Namath would now have to play. "There was this great feeling of the whole stadium just swelling with emotion," said John Dockery, Jet cornerback, sometime flanker, last-string quarterback and Harvard '66. "The aura and the frenzy that accompany him still make me marvel." Another Jet was said to be so overwhelmed that he started to stand at attention in the huddle.

Off target with his first two passes, Na-

Namath lacks to get lucky on pass to Dallas



myth made the fans marvel as he led the Jets, behind 17-0, to near victory by throwing for three touchdowns. Although the 49ers ultimately won 24-21, the crowd stood and roared. Just wait till Joe took on the Cowboys Saturday in Texas.

In practice last week Namath acted his old self, alternately charming and arrogant. He spoke only to favored reporters, boy-colling others because of stories dating back to the Bachelors III scandal. Off the field, among his teammates, he was loose. On the field, he was stiff and had no zip on the ball because of an elbow brace suffered in the 49er game. He tried to throw the same pass to Don Maynard seven times and ruefully admitted, "I missed him seven times."

Namath would have needed every bit of his old zip against the Cowboys, who stunned the Jets before Joe got his hands on the ball. Rookie Isaac Thomas ran back the opening kickoff 101 yards for a touchdown, and after less than 12 minutes Dallas led 28-0, one of the touchdowns being set up by an interception of a Namath pass, armed once again at Maynard. Namath passed five times with only one completion, and Coach Weeb Ewbank decided he had had enough. "We're not going to throw anyone to the wolves," Ewbank explained. Namath allowed, "He didn't get any argument out of me."

Despite the Cowboys' crushing 52-10 win, a horde of fans passed up the home-town

well as two good legs; as of Sunday's game, he was the second-leading passer in the NFC. He is also the sneakiest pro quarterback ever, a distinction he gained last season against the Packers. "We were way ahead of Green Bay," he says. "We had the ball on our own 13-yard line and I was just trying to run out the clock. I had called a quick toss to the right in the huddle, but when I got to the line of scrimmage I saw Jim Carter, playing middle linebacker, moving over to his left to stop the play. So I thought to myself, 'What the heck, why not gamble a little.'"

Landry called a sneak, whipped through a wide hole in the Packer line, shrugged off two tackles and was away.

"I chugged 76 yards," he says. "The last 10 yards I heard this guy on my shoulder and I knew he was thinking, 'Why doesn't he hurry up and get this over with?' We fell down together from exhaustion on the Green Bay 11."

Like many a defensive lineman, Landry stands in awe of Tarkenton, the

Giant water bug. "I could never run around from sideline to sideline the way Fran does," he says. "In the first place, I'd probably run out of breath and in the second place, I'm not as quick as he is and I don't think I could get away with it."

When Landry runs, he runs forward, but he is not too fond of running up the middle, despite his success with the sneak. "You don't know where the trouble is coming from when you go up the middle," he says. "The coaches want me to run along the sidelines so that I know where it's coming from, and I can get out of bounds if I have to. I'm not going to run over anyone and I don't have really exceptional speed, but I have broken some long gains because the defense has to respect the threat of Owens up the middle and that opens some pretty big gaps for me."

"John Brodie taught me one big lesson," he says. "I used to hear the crowd when they booed me and they would when I was having a bad day. It would

get to me and I'd do things like throwing a bomb when I shouldn't or cutting down on my passing if I'd had a few incompletions in a row. But John told me how the fans in San Francisco used to get on him. He said you have to shut out the crowd noise, cheers or boos, and that when you learn to do that, you've got it made. Well, I've learned to do it now and I don't even hear the crowd anymore."

Fortunately, Landry has heard very few boos this season; he is playing out his option and he feels that his performance so far has buttressed his demands for more money. "I was just about to sign when the freeze came on," he says. "At first I was upset but now I think that it has worked to my advantage. Before this season I hadn't proved I had the ability to lead the team, and they said I lacked experience. Now that I've shown what I can do I don't think we'll have any trouble reaching an agreement."

No matter what they pay Landry, the Lions will get a run for their money.



Unlucky Larry Smith broods on a bench in Dallas.

heroes to crowd around the Jet bus. They had only one cry: "Joe! Joe! Joe!"

By contrast, Starr's return to the Packers a week ago Sunday against New Orleans was undisturbed right out of 17 for 166 yards and one interception in a 29-21 loss, but it had the overtones of old-fashioned sentiment, like a Lawrence Welk waltz. Almost forgetting, or so it seemed, the honors and acclaim of years past, Starr was genuinely moved at being named "captain"—along with Willie Wood and Gale Gillingham—by Coach Dan Devine. "I appreciate the gesture," said Starr. "That did touch me deeply. I'd often felt I could make a contribution in that line, but nobody ever offered me a chance, although I want to say I feel we had outstanding leadership all through those years. It touched me anyway, and it made me want to do as much as I could for this team."

For Starr, now 37, coming back is not easy. In and out with injuries since 1968, he underwent surgery last July on a biceps tendon in his throwing arm, and three weeks later he needed additional surgery to seal a leaking artery in the arm.

Starr is not yet as strong as he would like to be—in last Sunday's 16-16 tie with St. Louis he completed two of five for 31 yards and had two interceptions before being replaced—and his future is of concern to Devine. Rookie Scott Hunter (still another ex-

Alabama) has averaged an interception every eight passes, and Starr's late-season performance will determine what Devine will do with the Packers' two upcoming first-round draft choices. Must he seek another quarterback? Devine quickly comments, "I wouldn't want Bart to think he was just in there as a guinea pig, to see what he can do, because that isn't true."

Well, not quite.

—ROBERT H. BOYLE



Starr communes with young fans in St. Louis.

THE \$40 MILLION BODY SHUFFLE

Beginning in November, baseball got smart. Shooting at last for a big-league image, the general managers riffled the deck and in a blaza of publicity sent players flying every which way **by WILLIAM LEGGETT**

His name is Frank Robinson and he runs like a man whose feet hurt all the time. He wears uniform number 20 and has hit at least one home run in 26 different ball parks since first arriving in the major leagues during the spring of 1956. Robinson has a habit of looking over his right shoulder almost all the time, and maybe he has his reasons. Pennants, it seems, have a way of following Frank Robinson around. Last week at the major league baseball meetings in Phoenix, Ariz. Robinson's name was the biggest among the 53 moved from one team to another in the most spectacular trading explosion baseball has ever known.

To the fan the week-long meetings were a dream come true—a seemingly impossible return to those hours spent arguing with the kid down the street over bubble-gum cards. Would you trade

a Gaylord Perry for a Sam McDowell? Ken Holtzman for Rick Monday? Stan Bahmen for Rich McKenney? And would you ever, really ever, give up a Lee May if you were lucky enough to have one in the first place?

At a conservative estimate the talent traded would be worth some \$40 million if there were such a thing as an open market for buying players. And the trading is not expected to end. In baseball, maneuvers heget maneuvers. There also is the publicity. So much has been generated by the trades already made that pressure is mounting on those clubs that have not yet gotten into the act to do so soon before they get left out for good. The image of dullness is one that every team in this era of competition with other sports is striving desperately to avoid. Want a Ron Santo, an Andy Messersmith, an Orlando Ce-

peda, a Jim Fregos? Whatcha got to give? Whatcha got to lose?

The Great \$40 Million Body Shuffle came as a result of several related factors, the most obvious of which was the near absence of pennant races in any of the four divisions last year. The only real competition—between the Dodgers and the Giants—did not come about until September, and then it was too late to make up the money that apathetic non-customers neglected to spend in June, July and August. Now money is tight again, just when the clubs must begin to sell their 1972 season tickets. The third factor, however, might be the most important of all. Following three expansions in eight years, talent is thin in both leagues. Most of the teams simply are unable to supply their needs from their own farm systems. Practically nobody has a surplus of young, able performers coming up.

Although the major announcements of trades came from the Executive House in Scottsdale and the Arizona Biltmore Hotel in nearby Phoenix, the groundwork for many of them was done a month before at the Ponte Vedra Club, a lush resort 22 miles east of Jacksonville, Fla. From Nov. 1 to 3 the major league general managers met there to go over some of the problems facing all of them: what to do about 1972 salaries vis-à-vis the current wage-price freeze, the possible trading of draft rights (as practiced in pro football and basketball) and other administrative matters. During the discussions a curious—for baseball—subject arose almost extemporaneously, and it refused to fade away. Why not, the GMs asked themselves, use the upcoming annual meetings as a positive force?

Extraordinary. In recent years the meetings had generated either no publicity at all or bad publicity. For example, three years ago, just as everyone was getting ready to check out of the Sheraton-Palace in San Francisco, the owners decided to fire Commissioner



Richie Allen, late of the Dodgers, swung off to Chicago, his fourth club in four years.

William Eckert even though they had nobody to replace him. Result: sour taste all around. For other examples, almost every year committees have arrived at the meetings ready to pluck a franchise from one city and put it down in another. More sour tastes. For many of the game's more conservative members, the meetings had become just another place to get together and tell each other how much they liked the President—and Mrs. Lincoln, too.

At Ponte Vedra the general managers but on a plan that for a change might actually do them good. Recognizing that they had something on the order of a volcano in all their trades—rumored, consummated or still to be dreamed up—they agreed to hold back as many of the deals as they could until they got to Arizona and perhaps could profit by intelligent management of their news.

They succeeded remarkably, moving only the big swap between the Boston Red Sox and the Milwaukee Brewers that sent Jim Lomberg, George Scott and Billy Conigliaro to the Midwest for Pitcher Marty Pattin and Tommy Harper, and that had been announced three weeks before Ponte Vedra. From that time until the Arizona meetings only minor trades and roster shifts were released.

But when the real meetings opened in Arizona things happened swiftly and—good for the little 'ol image—dramatically. At 11:45 a.m. of the first day, Chicago and Oakland announced that henceforth Pitcher Ken Holtzman would be playing for the A's and Outfielder Rick Monday for the Cubs. Although the trade certainly could not be considered earth-shattering, it was interesting because Holtzman had won 43 games for the Cubs since 1969 and had thrown two no-hitters. Monday, the first player selected in baseball's original free-agent draft back in 1965, was still an enigma after six years. He seemed capable of having big seasons, but he never did. Maybe Leo Durocher will light a fire under him.

Shortly afterward, Bob Howsam, general manager of the Reds, and Spec Richardson of the Astros revealed that they were moving eight bodies between Cincinnati's Riverfront Stadium and the Houston Astrodome. And what bodies they were. The Reds gave up Lee May, a power-hitting (39 homers in 1971 after missing the first month

of the season) first baseman, and Tommy Helms, the top fielding second baseman in the National League for the past two years, for Joe Morgan, Jack Billingham, Denis Menke, Cesar Geronimo and Ed Armbrister.

"When the announcement was made," Howsam said later, "I heard one reporter say, 'Now there is a trade!' I think that when we began talking our big trade it started everybody in baseball thinking, 'Heck, if they are willing to make one like that to try and help themselves, what are we waiting for?'"

Immediately after the announcement, general managers who had not already revealed their own trades or were still wondering whether to go through with them were seen busily talking to one another and scurrying between conversations and telephones. The body shuffle was twatching in earnest, and by the end of the week so many players had been moved that not a single soul seemed to know who was with whom, or whom was with who, or even where.

Some GMs were a delight to observe. Bing Devine of the Cardinals, sometimes tagged a near-compulsive trader, moved up and down the corridor of the Arizona Biltmore attempting to get something going and apparently failing. Paul Richards of the Braves slumped deeper and deeper in his chair as he realized, with undisguised frustration, that people were not exactly jumping to take his players. Bob Scheffing of the Mets and Harry Dalton of the Angels moved around trying, trying and still not succeeding. Soon they had used up all the old clichés: "Sometimes the best trades are those you don't make"; "If their players are all that good why did they finish fifth last year?"

The deals involving the biggest names of all came, in the end, from the Los Angeles Dodgers, who got Relief Pitcher Pete Richert along with Robinson from Baltimore and sent Richie Allen to the Chicago White Sox for Pitcher Tommy John.

No sooner had the Dodgers acquired Robinson than four clubs were pounding on their door trying to spirit him away. The Dodgers were having none of that. Frank Robinson was theirs to keep, at least for a while. The mathematics of the trade explain why. Baltimore, which received some good young players from



Frank Robinson, sliding home to win sixth game of the '71 Series, now calls L.A. home.

Los Angeles, has a lot of skilled young outfielders ready for the majors and Robinson's \$130,000 salary was high for a franchise that has to struggle to reach a million in attendance even in winning years. The Dodgers, meanwhile, had made \$50,000 when two of their minor league players were drafted, and they divested themselves of a \$105,000 salary when they shunted Allen to Chicago. Also Tom Haller, sold to the Tigers for \$50,000, would no longer be drawing his estimated \$55,000 salary. The Dodgers, in other words, may show as high a profit as \$150,000—and they still have Frank Robinson.

Almost every trade could be rationalized in similar terms, but mere dollars and cents is not the main point. Baseball is riding something almost as big as the eruption of Krakatoa, and it is laughing all the time.

END

GETTING UP AND GOING AFTER A TITLE

Old pro Bill Sharman, the new coach, keys his program to plenty of training and, sure enough, the breakaway Lakers are out to prove that practice makes perfect

by PETER CARRY



It was summer in Los Angeles, the season when the bad air always hangs heavy over the freeways and swimming pools, and the Lakers usually hire another new coach. Their latest choice, Bill Sharman, was explaining his system of game-day workouts to Guard Gail Goodrich (see cover).

"On the road," said Sharman, "I like to take the team out to the arena about 10:30 in the morning and just run through some of the things we plan to do that night."

"It sounds reasonable," answered Goodrich.

"Then about 10:45 we'll loosen up with a few exercises and shoot some baskets," Sharman continued.

"Nothing wrong with that," replied Goodrich.

"What do you do at 11?" inquired a bystander.

Goodrich, a quick learner, beat his coach to the answer. "I know," he said. "Then we all go back to the hotel and wake up Wilt."

In Los Angeles, NBA championships are like the smogbound San Gabriel Mountains northeast of the city: they are always close at hand but no Angeleno has ever seen one. This curious disappearing act has led the Lakers to try some strange things in recent years. But none of them was seemingly more bizarre than hiring Sharman—a precise organizer, avid practitioner and hugely successful leader of other pro teams—to coach that noted insomniac and reluctant exerciser, Wilt Chamberlain.

The widely predicted clash of personalities was expected to jolt Los Angeles like another tremor along the San Andreas Fault, creating so fierce a ruckus that the Lakers, who already looked a bit worn from old age and injuries, might fail to make the playoffs for the first time since they came to Southern Cal-

ifornia 11 seasons ago. The forecast was correct, in a way, but badly misguided. The Lakers can indeed be found amid a swirl of mayhem—but this time they are inflicting it right and left on the rest of the NBA.

With three victories last week, Los Angeles increased its string of consecutive wins to 17 games, just three shy of the record streak compiled last season by the Milwaukee Bucks. During the run the Lakers not only throttled lesser teams by an average of 15.6 points but also defeated the Bucks once and their strong Pacific Division rivals, Seattle and Golden State, four times. By remaining unbeaten through November they became the first NBA team ever to go across a calendar month without a loss. Now there is no longer the question of whether they will make the playoffs—they have a six-game division lead and the best record (23-3) in the pros.

The Lakers have attained this sudden eminence by scuttling some assumptions that have been held about them in recent seasons. Many of them involve Chamberlain. It was said that he resisted coaching more intractably than ever and that he was already over the hill—yet pacing himself so gently that it appeared he intended to play until he turned 45. Another assumption was that the Lakers were too old, too scarred by injuries and that they simply did not have the proper personnel to play a fast-break offense.

When Chamberlain joined Jerry West and Elgin Baylor in Los Angeles three years ago, the Lakers were immediately declared invincible. Once they began playing together they proved decidedly otherwise, twice losing in the playoff finals and last year falling 4-1 to Milwaukee in the conference finals. Although West and Baylor, not Chamberlain, were the superstars who had never won a championship during their careers, Wilt received most of the blame for the team's shortcomings. Members of the Lakers gave him harsh nicknames

such as Big Musty and The Load and he was accused of being everything from lethargic to lame-brained. Rumors said Wilt would soon be traded and then other rumors claimed that no team wanted to deal for him. Still, during his three seasons with Los Angeles, Chamberlain twice led the league in rebounding and once returned from a serious knee injury far faster than expected in order to perform in the playoffs.

Over his 12-year career Chamberlain has been caught in more different poses than Twiggy. There has been the Shooting, 50-Points-a-Game Wilt and the Passing, Assists Champion Wilt. There has been the High-Post Wilt and the Low-Post Wilt, not to mention numerous New Wits and always the Old Wilt. There have been Coachable Wits and Stubborn Wits. Few men have been as frequently analyzed in public by amateur psychologists. But no matter how many times he has been peeled like a grape, there has remained one constant Chamberlain: the Strong, Rebounding and Defense Wilt. That role, to the almost complete exclusion of all others, is the one Chamberlain now performs for Los Angeles. He is sixth in scoring on the Lakers with 12.6 points a game, barely over a third of his career average. He has taken only nine shots a game and ranks third on the team in assists. Even his foul shooting is worse than ever, as unlikely as that may sound—he has converted but 31% of his free throws. Despite all this, Chamberlain is the most important player in the Laker revival. He easily leads the NBA in rebounding and he blocked 28 shots in three recent victories over Seattle, Boston and Philadelphia.

It is as if Wilt has finally caught up with his old nemesis, Bill Russell. Never before has he played more in the Russell style and, because of it, never before have the Lakers executed the fast break as well as they have this season.

This, of course, is no mere happenstance. Sharman played with Russell and

*He shoots fewer goals, still misses fouls—
but Wilt is now rebounding better than ever.*

continued

also with two of the finest runners and gunners the Celtics ever had, Bob Cousy and Sam Jones. Sharman was quite a gunner himself and his assistant, K. C. Jones, was Boston's best defensive guard. Since first becoming a pro coach in 1961, Sharman has directed a succession of successful running teams. His Cleveland Pipers in the defunct American Basketball League won the only championship the ABL ever awarded. He later led the San Francisco Warriors to the NBA playoff finals and then moved to the ABA where he built the Utah Stars into league champions.

The fast break is Sharman's favorite mode of attack, but his deepest obsession is with pregame preparation. In addition to what he likes to call "the morning meeting" on game days, there are chalk-talks and calisthenics in the locker room immediately before games and strenuous two-hour practices on days when no game is scheduled. Sharman will rearrange travel plans, blow reveille at odd hours of the morning and even call a workout in an antiquated gym and unfit arena as he did in Philadelphia last week in order to give his players practice enough to suit him.

It is that morning meeting, however, that has proven so nettlesome to some players. This is particularly true for starters like Rick Barry, when he was with San Francisco, who figured if he was to play 40 minutes that night he should be resting during the day. Yet the game-day drills are neither tiring nor very time consuming. In a 20- to 30-minute period Sharman's team does calisthenics—mostly loosening and stretching exercises—runs several leisurely laps, waves through a few full-court layup drills and then shoots jumpers and free throws.

Sharman, who imposed the same regimen on himself when he was a player, insists that the drills stimulate his team rather than tire it out before the game. "When guys doze off or mope around their room or the lobby, they get so lazy they may not get sharp until after the game is lost," he says. "What I want them to do is develop a game-day routine. I want them to eat at the same time, shoot at the same time and take a nap for less than an hour and a half in the afternoon. If you sleep more than that, it will slow you down. The morning meeting also serves as a reminder, it gets the players thinking about the game. It also familiarizes them with the con-

ditions they will be playing under, what the floor is like and how it feels to shoot into the background at the arena.

"I feel I've been exposed to a lot of basketball as a pro. I've tried to pick out the points that will be effective. I explain to the players that I don't intend to do things that aren't very important. I don't want to do it for my own sake. I've got too much else to do. I've been on both sides and I tell the players that I've got much less free time than they have and I think they believe me."

There is good reason to doubt that the coach really has much sympathy for player complaints about overwork. Sharman drives himself as hard as anyone, a trademark of his extraordinary sports career. As a schoolboy he worked his way up to the national junior tennis tournament and at USC he starred in both basketball and baseball. He was a rookie on the Brooklyn Dodger bench the day Bobby Thomson hit his famous home run in the 1951 National League playoff. Sharman gave up baseball to join the Celtics and became one of the most dangerous shooters in pro history—and was named one of the 10 best players of the NBA's first 25 years. Like many men who feel their success is largely self-made, he expects similar effort from his players. "These guys are basically employed to play basketball," he says. "They are going to put in a lot of time on it."

Sharman conducts the drills with a detachment typical of his coaching style. He rarely yells—except in the locker room after a loss—he almost never swears and his body movements have a controlled, icy air about them. Even during the emotional peaks of a tight game he never gestures wildly. Restricting his displays of frustration to a quick shake of a fist close in front of his chest or a gentle clap of his hands, he more resembles Evangelist Billy Graham giving a sermon than he does his more expressive fellow coaches.

Sharman's detachment and demands have made him unpopular with many players and he knows it. "I was not hired to win a personality contest," he said last year while coaching the Utah Stars. "I was hired to win basketball games." Although Sharman on social occasions is usually nothing short of charming with the press and the public, a few of the Stars now remember him variously as a "cold fish," "tyrant,"

"tactical psycho" and "slave driver."

Once, after playing a night game in New York, Sharman changed the Stars' travel plans and put everybody on a bus for a two-hour ride to New Jersey to make a 7 a.m. flight to Kentucky. It was the only way he could get his team into Louisville in time for a practice before the game. Those pre-dawn wake-up calls irked some Stars—but that was the only time last season that they defeated the Colonels in Kentucky. The results are what count; even the most critical of the players he left behind in Utah will admit that Sharman "is a cracking genius."

Chamberlain has met up with geniuses before and he outlasted every one of them. In the past coaches have been rated on how well they "handled" Wilt, but this new relationship with Sharman seems more an accommodation by both men. Sharman listens to his center's suggestions and respects him as an old pro, and Chamberlain obeys Sharman's rules. Perhaps more than for any other player the morning meetings are taxing for Wilt, who rarely is able to fall asleep until almost dawn and for years has gotten most of his rest during daylight hours. Even though he has openly disputed the usefulness of the game-day practices, Chamberlain has been neither absent nor late for any of them, a record for good attendance he has rarely matched before.

"I was concerned about my relations with Wilt in that I hoped the things I thought were important and those he thought were important would not clash," Sharman says. "Before the season I met with Wilt, Jerry and Elgin and got their suggestions. I respect their ideas because they are experienced professionals. The only thing I discussed with Wilt that we didn't see eye to eye on was the morning practices. I told him if I had a choice we wouldn't practice at all, but I didn't know any other way to get things done right. I sincerely would like to make an exception for him, but I can't. I'm aware of his sleeping problem, but we often discuss strategy for the night's game at the meetings and he has to be in on that. I have told him and the rest of the players that any time they don't want to exercise all they have to do is tell me and they won't have to. But they must still come to the morning meeting."

Even Wilt appreciates the Lakers' quick success under Sharman. With El-

continued



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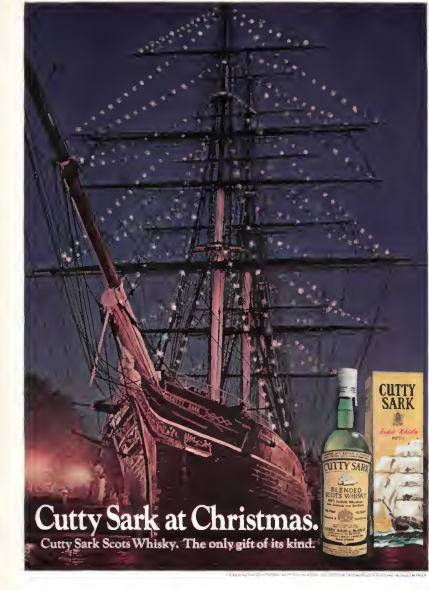
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Jim Baylor nudged into retirement by the Los Angeles management after it was determined that his often-injured legs had lost their spring and quickness. Chamberlain was named the Laker captain. Early in the winning streak—which began the night young Jim McMillan took Elgin's place in the starting lineup—Sharman was undecided whether to hold a practice the day following a 40-point victory over Philadelphia. He polled the players. And the players told him to ask Chamberlain. "Yes, I think we ought to practice" was Wilt's unexpected verdict.

"I don't like all this talk about how I'm playing only because of Bill Sharman," Chamberlain said last week. "I've always done what's been necessary on any team I've been on. People tend to forget that when I was with Philadelphia we compiled a great record and I sometimes took 30 shots a game. Some games now I only take five or six, but it's a different era and a different team. I'm just doing what's needed."

Another long-held assumption has been that Chamberlain could not provide the maneuver so essential to a fast break—a good outlet pass. A quick release of defensive rebounds is mandatory in that style of offense, but it has rarely been part of Wilt's game. His previous coaches resisted the fast break, preferring to move slowly enough so that Chamberlain could set up in the post where patterns would evolve around him. "The outlet pass was something I had to be very conscious of earlier this season," Wilt said. "It was a change of style for us then, but it has become second nature now."

Once Chamberlain releases the ball, he almost never touches it again. When the Laker fast break succeeds, he usually remains standing in the defensive area of the court. Even when Los Angeles settles into its patterns, Wilt handles the ball far less frequently than in past years, when the Laker offense consisted mainly of throwing the ball into the post, letting Chamberlain wave it around in one hand for five or 10 tedious seconds and then throw it back outside for West to take a jump shot.

Los Angeles' new scrambling style also has taken shots away from West, who was out with a sprained ankle during the team's three losses and thus remains personally undefeated so far this season. Jerry leads the league in assists for the first time in his career but no longer

continued

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GETTING UP

leads the Los Angeles scores. Early in the season McMillan, then playing as Baylor's substitute, topped the Lakers. He has since dropped to third with a 19.5-point average, but his 41-point outburst last week against Philadelphia led Los Angeles from 17 points behind to its 16th straight win.

Goodrich, the 6' 1" guard whom the Lakers call Stumpy, leads the team in scoring. By sneaking away for quick lay-ups and by taking deft feeds from West to pop in his strange-looking jump shot, he curls the ball far over his head before he fires; he has become the NBA's fourth highest scorer (25.4 points a game) even though he still appears young enough to be king of the Hop.

"The running game really helps a small man," he says. "Shurman simply told me to shoot the ball off the break whenever I felt I had my shot even if the other guys weren't around yet to rebound. He knew that if I did that, pretty soon the other guys would begin to come down the court fast, too. They'd know they'd have to hurry to get in on the action—and everyone wants to be in on the action."

Goodrich was no longer running ahead of the rest of the Lakers when they came last week for one of those NBA scheduling atrocities, a two-game, three-day, 6,000-mile road trip to Boston and Philadelphia. Airport hylanders must have wondered if they were witnessing the return of the German General Staff from Berchtesgaden, since most of the Lakers (excluding Happy Hairston in his \$2,000 ranch mink) wear the same sort of leather overcoats favored by Erwin Rommel. Innates at the Sibirator-Philadelphia Hotel no doubt got a distinctly different impression. In the lobby, where a water bed was on display, the Lakers were involved in something that looked like the Easter Bunny's slumber party. During the day, when the team seemed always on its way to practice or just returning, players would bounce around the aquatic mattress in their Forum blue and gold warmup suits, which are really not blue and gold at all. The gold is a brilliant yellow and Forum blue is regal purple. It is called blue because Laker Owner Jack Kent Cooke does not like the word purple (he likes the color, however). Since Cooke is the man inside the Forum with all the green, he can call purple anything he wants.

—Howard

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In Boston, Los Angeles' new fast break was stymied by the old masters of the running game, the Celtics. But then West, whose shooting had been slightly hampered by the aftereffects of last spring's knee operation and two sprained ankles early this season, broke loose for his first big scoring game of the year with 45 points. The Lakers won 124-110.

Two nights later in Philadelphia, Los Angeles geared up its running game in the second half after the 76ers had built a wide lead. Trailing 82-65 with 8:24 remaining to play in the third period, Sherman replaced Hamston with 6'11" Leroy Ellis to help Chamberlain with the rebounding. Ellis blocked Philly's tough Bill Bridges off the boards and pulled in 11 rebounds to go with Wilt's 25 while McMillan, Goodrich and West burned the 76ers with 15 fast-break baskets in the closing 20 minutes. By the end of the third quarter Los Angeles had already taken the lead and went on to win easily 131-116.

Ellis' role in the victory was indication of another Laker strength—depth. While competition from the ABA and expansion in the NBA has weakened most benches, Los Angeles has put together a strong one. The Lakers, a team that in the past three years tied the record for casualties previously held by the Demolition Derby, should not be caught short again. All of the substitutes, except first-round draftee Jim Clemons, have been NBA starters in the past and most were obtained in waiver deals or through transactions in which Los Angeles gave second-round draft choices and cash to teams hard pressed for money, something the Lakers have plenty of. In the Philadelphia game, for example, another sub, benighted Flynn Robinson, relieved Goodrich late in the third period and scored two consecutive 17' jump shots that brought the Lakers from a 91-90 deficit into the lead they never relinquished.

Just before the final buzzer of the 131-116 victory, Chamberlain picked off a loose ball and slammed home a dunk for his eighth point of the game—he tied three field goals in all—and Dave Zinkoff, the flamboyant Spectrum public-address announcer, said simply, "Dapper Dunk." That was a common call when Wilt played for Philadelphia not long ago, but now that he has awakened to a new game in Los Angeles it already has the distant ring of nostalgia.

END

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They can still be seen, the Chesapeake canvasbacks, and to watch them as they slide, wings flaring, through a lead-gray sky is to know why they are and always have been the most majestic of ducks. But their day is gone. Hardly a breath ago, as late as the '40s, 100 "cans" might decoy at once on the Susquehanna Flats. Rafts of 50,000 would cover acre upon acre of water. Now the Flats are sterile as a salt lick, and on the great gunning rivers of Maryland's Eastern Shore—the Sassafras, the Chester and the Choptank—the noble canvasback is counted differently. "Saw seven yesterday." "Must have been 20 of them, flew by high." Which means a sport has vanished too. Paintings will have to serve. And memories.

Flitting Ghosts of Pleasures Past



Paintings by Francis Golden









Time to Pick up the Decoys

The canvasback of the Atlantic Flyway is not, officially, an endangered species. He numbers about 100,000 now, not much more or less than he did a decade ago. But what is extinct, as the daily bag limit on the Chesapeake Bay "can" has fallen from 15 to 10 to four to two to one, is a sporting way of life. The canvasback is nostalgia on the wing, and the hunting of him, in the grand and proper way, had no more hope of surviving the '50s and '60s than the Pullman car or the live-in maid. The times doomed him, as Canada's farmers drained his breeding grounds, his rivers came up silt and his flyway turned to smokestacks. Unlike the mallard and Canada goose, the canvasback takes unlikely to the notion of living in the backyard of man. His imperiousness will be the death of him.

For as long as half a century the hunting of the canvasback on the Susquehanna Flats was the widdowling centerpiece of salmon fishing on the Restigouche. The aristocratic practitioners—"my sports," guides used to call them—were Morgans and Mellons and Wanamakers. Gunning was the economic salvation of Havre de Grace, a town perched on the south bank of the Susquehanna where the river's huge mouth opens toward the bay. The numbers of ducks that came to feed on the wild celery grass peculiar to this small region were all but beyond belief. Jim Farring, who was probably the best-known guide in the area, estimates that in those good years 7 million to 8 million ducks moved through the Flats.

The pursuit of the canvasback, then as now, involved much effort and expense. As late as 1950 Farring used a 55-foot inboard cruiser, several small boats, 2,700 decoys worth about \$4 apiece and five blinds. To hunt the Chesapeake canvasback in any minimal fashion today takes 100 decoys, a \$1,500 blind, a boat and the willingness to brawl with some of the most severe conditions that sport demands of gunners. To weigh this commitment against a one-bird limit is to understand why the sport has vanished.

The battle for blind sites in the '30s and '40s was in itself a duel of endurance and wits. Licenses were put on sale Oct. 15, and days ahead of time the ne'er-do-wells at the Harford county seat, Bel

Air, would be hired to stand in line, the location of the blind desired affixed to their weaving, bobbing hats so that later arrivals would know which sites were already claimed.

At that time in Havre de Grace there were 14 decoy makers, each turning out as many as 2,000 canvasbacks a season. No other decoy was made. In fact, most other ducks were spurned by gunners as unworthy. The redhead was fine, the black duck if he happened close, but the blackhead was a so-so thing best left to those unfortunates on down the Eastern Shore of Maryland who thought they knew something of hunting but were, in truth, plebeians of the sport. So seriously did Havre de Grace take its ducking that the uninitiated might easily betray himself. A visitor recalls walking into a store there in January 1940 during a drenching rain and remarking, "Nice day for ducks."

"Is not," the shopkeeper said. "Northwest wind."

The canvasback had long been a prized quarry, both for the out-of-state millionaire and the local gunner, for whom the illegal marketing of cans represented a meaningful share of his annual income. A 1910 price list on Baltimore's docks shows a pair of prime canvasbacks bringing \$7 wholesale (compared to \$2 for a goose). The natives of the Flats, like the natives of most areas, were not what could be described as conservation-conscious. The limit was what you did not get caught with, just as it always had been, and the indignities of the days you froze for nothing—of which there were many—were balanced by the times you took home, well, some.

All of which seems less reprehensible years later, for it is generally agreed that it is not the hunter who has brought the canvasback to the brink of nonexistence but our industrial society. Jim Farring finally gave up guiding and sold his boats, decoys and blinds. But a waterman forever, he is still on the Flats each day. "All last year," he says, "I saw 175 canvasbacks. That was it." Now there is hardly a guide who will bother taking clients duck hunting on the Flats. And there are only two decoy makers left in Havre de Grace. The best known is Madison Mitchell, and he is 70. It is apt that he is the town's undertaker, too, and he says it is just as well that he never got out of the funeral business,

though many times in the glory days he was sorely tempted.

Which is not to say that Madison Mitchell could not sell every decoy he could ever make. Each of them is going to end up on a lamp or a bookshelf somewhere, just as sure as the head is fixed on firm with the 30-penny nails that mark Mitchell's work. And the fact that he still carves each head by hand with the grain running straight and true to the bill to make it stand up under rough handling, and that the keels are of a special design so that the decoy seems to dip and feed in choppy water, and that the body is solid white pine or western cedar out of old phone poles instead of some junk piece of stock, well, it doesn't much matter does it, as long as you don't get careless with the dustrag in the den.

No, the whole thing is gone now, as gone as the shotgun shell made out of rich red cardboard instead of plastic, as gone as the wadding with the chill numbers stenciled on the end that would come flying out at every shot and settle over the decoys like confetti celebrating hits and misses.

Down on the Eastern Shore they used to pray for bitter weather early so the Flats would freeze and drive the canvasbacks on south. But even when it happened, not many hunters ever got to know the can quite the way the Flats man did. The best of them on the Shore today will tell you that you can't call a canvasback. Of course you can. Buck in the early '40s Jim Farring would call them right off Senator Millard Tydings' decoys half a mile away. He could talk to 'em and turn 'em and comfort 'em with a lovely high-pitched whine, a sound unique. And we would sit there, man and boy, and smile and wait. He even taught me how to do it. Sometimes on a winter morning a man feels like trying out that sound again. But it catches in the throat.

—RAY CAVE

As director of player personnel, Joe Thomas built the Vikings and the Dolphins into powerhouses. How does he do it? Well, if the artichoke method doesn't work, try a right cross by **JOHN UNDERWOOD**

THIS JOE HAD BETTER BE GOOD

Joe Thomas made the pages of *Who's Who in America*, 37th edition, the other day. He received word by mail from Chicago, one of the toddling towns he has hit a few times—100 or so—in his travels. Joe has hit so many towns that once you get to know him he is as reliable as the *Mobil Travel Guide* for recommending motels and places a man can go for good lasagna. Joe can also tell you about Pocatello, Idaho and Natchitoches, La., and other towns that do not toddle, and about the times when he traveled for the Minnesota Vikings in search of football talent, and the budget was so thin that to save pennies he parked his automobile in a field a long-short walk to the airport. After one overnight trip that lasted 12 days (when Joe is on to a scent he is not one to turn back for supplies), he returned to find the battery in his car dead. He checked under the hood, just to be sure, and saw that the battery was not dead after all, but that the engine was no longer a part of the mechanism. He could see through to the ground.

That was years ago. Now Joe is in *Who's Who*, which is apt because separating the whos from the whoms is what Joe has been so successfully doing since he gave up coaching pro football players in favor of finding them. As their "director of player personnel," Joe Thomas now does the shopping for the Miami Dolphins, and has since their inception. Before that he was the Vikings' first personnel director. He shops at colleges and universities, large, small and unheard-of ("To get to Western Colorado State, you drive over the Sawatch Mountains, down Interstate 85 and across and up on U.S. 50, and on into Gunnison," Joe says. "It's six hard hours from Denver, but the scenery is nice"). He shops at bowl games, all-star games and common everyday practices for the Who who can run 40 yards in 4.4 seconds or ram a wall hard enough to put a crack in it or throw a football through the crack. As



he did at Minnesota, Thomas has come up with the players—Bob Griese, Larry Csonka, Jim Krick, *et al.*—who have made the Dolphins a championship contender in a very short time, a snap of the fingers compared with the years others have spent in places like Pittsburgh.

Rattling off the names of star players found is sparse testimony to the effort expended, but it is usually the only way. "Personal directing" is solitary, even secretive work, not to be seen on instant replay. Most personnel directors were called scouts until some of them, like Thomas, acquired executive powers and status, and as a rule they operate in the shadows of field houses and in the darkness of film rooms. Their job tends to sprawl around; they are a nomadic tribe, addicted to rental cars, and seem always to be rushing to make an Ozark Air Lines flight at 11 p.m. Thomas visited 92 schools his first spring on the job at Minnesota.

Once when he was on the prowl for the Dolphins he attended a Thursday practice at the University of Massachusetts in Amherst. He then watched films and visited with the coaches ("The social hour is very important. I like to have a friend on every staff"). At dawn Friday he was on the turnpike to Boston, burning rubber to make a morning scrimmage at Boston U. That afternoon he drove over to the Boston College practice. At 6 the next morning he was on a flight to Syracuse. He watched a morning scrimmage there, then hopped a noon flight to Buffalo for an afternoon scrimmage at the University of Buffalo. He says it wouldn't be so bad if the airports weren't always on the side of town opposite the campuses.

Personnel directors, if they are as good as Thomas, are also itinerant psychologists, practicing on the fly. They are the stars of scenes never seen, like the one in the hotel room in Lafayette, Ind.



NO DOUBT. THOMAS' prize, *unquestionable* pro Jim Kick (left), once said to be too fat and too slow, and, in a last act, Paul Warfield

in 1961, when Thomas was trying to sign Purdue Guard Larry Bowie to a Minnesota contract. The war between the leagues was on then, and Thomas was in competition with the Dallas Texans (now Kansas City Chiefs) and Ottawa of the Canadian League. Ottawa doubled Minnesota's offer. Thomas countered with prestige. "I sold Bowie the security of the established NFL. I sold the future. I was very cool about it. I told him to go see his coach, Jack Mollenkopf. 'Let Coach Mollenkopf weigh the alternatives for you,' I said."

"Bowie came back and said, 'I've weighed the alternatives, I'm going to Ottawa.' I had overlooked one detail: The head coach at Ottawa had been an assistant to Mollenkopf at Purdue."

"But as I opened the door of the hotel room to leave, I caught myself. 'Where the hell are you going?' He's not signed yet.' Years ago when I was a coach at DePauw, I took an insurance course. Passed all the exams for Equitable Life. I learned a lot about the

pulse of a prospect from that course. When to pull back, when to clamp down."

"I stepped back inside and slammed the door and said, 'Larry, do you know why you're not signing with us?' Bowie looked surprised. He was a big, well-mannered kid and I liked him. I said, 'Because you're afraid of the NFL. You're afraid you won't be good enough to play in the NFL. You're yellow, Larry, and I'm glad I found out in time.'"

"Bowie was enraged. I've never seen such reaction. Tears came to his eyes. 'I can, too,' he said. 'I can play in the NFL.' His fists were clenched. He was ready to tear into somebody. Me."

"I said, 'Well, there's only one way to prove it, Larry'—and I took the contract out of my coat pocket. I always have one there, all made out, with the person's name, the terms and so forth. I never carry a briefcase. Briefcases are people, especially people who are being asked to put their name on a line. Bowie grabbed the pen out of my hand, actually jerked it away. He'd been challenged, and when people get aroused they do things they might not do when they're under control. His signature was such a mess you could hardly read it."

Night flights and psychology are not what brought Joe Thomas' name into the light and onto the pages of the 37th Edition, of course. What has done that is a consistent ability to pick, say, a Kick out of 100 running backs named Jim, to draft him out of Wyoming in the fifth round and then to wait with forgiving indulgence for the day when others awaken to recognize him as "the best all-round back in the AFC." (Any fool can draft O. J. Simpson.) What separates Thomas is an uncanny sense of feel for a player's potential. This leads him to sift through 300 letters a year from guys trying to get into (or back into) pro football and pick out, as though it were perfume, the one marked "Garo Yepremian, placekicker." It also inspires him to trade a defensive back named Mack Lamb to San Diego for an offensive guard named Larry Little, and for Little to become a Dolphin star and be voted the best offensive lineman in the AFC in 1970 and Lamb a line of type under "players released."

Those who have traded with Joe Thomas, who have, as one described it, suddenly looked up to see him running off with the cake when no one else knew

continued

he was at the party, say it is not the kind of thing you care to do every day. Three years ago Miami needed a middle linebacker. Thomas wanted All-AFL Nick Buoniconti of the Patriots. Boston needed a quarterback. Thomas sent films of third-string rookie Quarterback Kim Hammond in action. The films showed Hammond at his best. Boston asked Thomas to throw in Wide Receiver Howard Twilley. "No, but I'll tell you what," said Thomas. "You can have Hammond and [linebacker] John Bramlett." After a week of phone calls, the deal was made. Buoniconti today is Miami's defensive captain; Twilley is a regular. Bramlett is a substitute at Atlanta. Hammond is in law school.

"It's embarrassing," Thomas says, "but I guess I never had a bad trade." In 1967 he traded Quarterback Jon Brittenum, obtained the year before as an eighth-round redshirt draftee, to San Diego for a third-round choice, with which he subsequently signed Dick Anderson. Brittenum is now out of football. Anderson is Miami's strong safety.

Meanwhile, whenever Joe goes to Cleveland he has to explain all over again to his writer friends there that the trade he made for Wide Receiver Paul Warfield two years ago—Cleveland got a No. 1 draft choice, with which it took Purdue Quarterback Mike Phipps—was good for both sides "in the long run." "Sure, Joe," they say and roll their eyes.

What further sets Joe Thomas apart has been his ability to anticipate trends in the pro game, and then, intuitively, to find the players to make the trends work. "Trends," Thomas says, "are usually started by one man. Jackie Robinson, for instance." In 1961, Minnesota's first year in the NFL, Thomas' third-round draftee was a scrawny blond-haired preacher's boy from Georgia named Fran Tarkenton. Tarkenton was well known as a quarterback who ran around a lot. Everybody laughed and covered their eyes. Quarterbacks who scrambled were anathema to the pros. Quarterbacks were expected to drop back seven, step up two and throw—and laugh it off when the pocket collapsed on top of them. "But no matter what kind of football team you're building," says Thomas, "the first thing you need is a quarterback, and if you are an expansion club you had better have a quarterback who can move, because with the blocking you'll get there won't

be a pocket fit to live in very often."

For four seasons after that, the back-room polemics between Thomas and Norm Van Brocklin, then the Viking coach, over Tarkenton were the talk of the Minnesota office. Van Brocklin was a clavisist, a no-run, drop-back passer himself in his glory days with the Rams and Eagles. He kept coming up with reasons to get rid of Tarkenton, Thomas kept fending him off.

In Tarkenton's first game for Minnesota he passed for four touchdowns and ran for one as the Vikings routed the Bears. One time around and the league was amazed. It had never seen such scrambling. "When you drafted that kid," Gino Marchetti told Thomas two years later, "I thought he'd be dead before the season was over. Now I have nightmares about having to chase him." The Tarkenton-Van Brocklin romance never did get off the ground, however, and they have gone their separate ways—Tarkenton to the Giants, where he still hasn't been knocked out of a game in 11 years, and Van Brocklin to Atlanta—but the trend was established. In 1967, when Thomas drafted Bob Griese, another lightfoot, nobody laughed.

It is no accident, either, that Miami's running game, considered the best in the AFC with Kink and Csonka as the principals, features unflashy backs who are exceptionally strong, who can hute through a pileup to a five-yard gain, who can catch passes and, as the *sue quo* won, can block. Thomas has learned to that type. Time spent as defensive coach of the Colts and Rams taught him that "raw speed can be overrated. Quick feet are more important, and with defenses as big and fast as they are today the best backs are the ones who can make room for themselves, and each other. If all a rabbit had was straight-away speed, there wouldn't be any rabbits left in the world." At Minnesota, he drafted much the same way (Tommy Mason and Dave Osborn), and the Vikings became a strong running team.

As executive assistant to Dolphin Managing General Partner Joe Robbie, Thomas' position carries with it additional powers (negotiating contracts, for one), but in many cases "director of player personnel" is still a euphemism for talent scout. The need to gussy up the title is an indication of the status the job has acquired since the days not long ago when owners and coaches arrived

at the annual player draft with a stack of football magazines and a copy of the AP All-America team as their only references. Pittsburgh's first personnel man was a funeral director and sports statistician named Ray Byrne. Eagle publicist Jim Gallagher remembers that the guts of his research amounted to newspaper clippings and football guides.

Most personnel men today are ex-professional players or coaches, some at high levels. Red Hickey of the Cowboys was the head coach of the 49ers from 1959 through part of 1963; Jim Lee Howell of the Giants was their coach from 1954 through 1960. There are exceptions. Cincinnati's Pete Brown, the head coach's son, never coached or played after he left Denison. Gil Brandt, who heads up the far-flung Dallas scouting operation in his role as "vice-president in charge of personnel development," did not play football beyond high school and was taking baby pictures in Milwaukee when he got his start by drawing up imaginary draft lists.

The search for pro prospects has become a high-budget item, with million-dollar computers and whole posies of scouts crisscrossing the country, bumping into one another. All pro teams now have the equivalent of a personnel director: some have more than one. Many subscribe to scouting groups, like BILLS-TO-VIII and CEPO, which advertise the revelatory benefits of "regional" scouts and "super" scouts. The computer spits out the details—a prospect's dimensions, his speed affoot, IQ, draft rating, etc., and deals it around to the subscribers.

The hidden danger in all this high-powered, make-me-three-copies-please research is that the essential quality that elevates a personnel man like Joe Thomas can be diluted in a cascade of data. It is the same quality that separates winning college coaches from losers: the faceup evaluation of people, the ability to snap-judge raw material, to see things others do not. No matter how many hands are feeding the computer, if the information is misleading the computer will mislead. The fact is, says Thomas, that only in the most obvious cases do you get complete agreement on a player's potential.

In his fourth year at Minnesota, Thomas took a long look at an Oklahoma defensive tackle named Ralph Neely. "Our area scout in Oklahoma didn't like Neely. He said he was not a

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hardened defensive player, and in that sense he was right. But I liked Neely because he had good size, he was quick and he was smart. Defensive linemen, as a breed, have to be more aggressive; they're rough, they use their hands. They don't always have great technique. An offensive lineman has to have technique: he has to have balance, he has to have good moves. He has to learn more, so he has to be smart. Some guys can't play offense, others can't play defense. I saw Neely as an offensive tackle. We needed an offensive tackle."

But when it came to the second round of the 1965 draft, the majority of the Minnesota delegation opted for Archie Sutton, a tackle from Illinois. "The area scout was still bad-mouthing Neely, and one of our assistant coaches had seen Sutton and liked him. I'd seen Sutton, too. I'd seen him pass out on the practice field one afternoon."

A priority was decided on: Sutton first, then Neely, if he were still available. Thomas angrily announced to the Viking owners that he wanted to go on record as opposing the decision, much as he did after the fact some years later when Miami gave up third- and fifth-round draft choices to get Fullback Cookie Gilchrist from Denver. "What's a third- and fifth-round draft choice?" Thomas says. "Well, a Dick Anderson and a Jim Kick, to name two. And Cookie was trouble. It stood out like a neon sign. He was over the hill, and he still wanted credit cards, a Cadillac, all kinds of junk."

Minnesota drafted Sutton in the second round, but Baltimore grabbed Neely, then traded him to Dallas. Over the next six years, Neely made All-Pro five times. "Sutton never even made our team," recalls Thomas. "It happens. The point is this: some people look at players differently than others."

When Thomas looks at players he looks for little things. Little things, he says, can insure you, or scare you off. One afternoon he was standing at the bulletin board in the locker room at Syracuse, checking a list of player weights before practice, when a splendidly proportioned Black man came out of the shower. Cautious, Thomas asked one of the Syracuse coaches, "Isn't that Jim Nance?"

"Yeah, that's Nance."

"But he just took a shower before practice."

"Yeah, he always does."

"It scared me," says Thomas, and although Nance has had some great moments since then, Thomas does not feel they have compensated for the times he reported to camp overweight, or played out his option, or in one way or another created problems. Given the chance, Thomas would not draft Nance.

There have been times, nonetheless, when Thomas' judgment—rather, the exercise of it—has come perilously close to risking his position with management. The first player he drafted at Minnesota was Mason, a halfback from Tulane who was not an All-America and whose team did not have a good record. When the Viking owners met with Thomas before the draft to find out who his No. 1 pick would be, and he told them Mason, the response was a chorus: "Who?"

"Tommy Mason," I said. "Tulane. Running back." They were very quiet. I guess if I were a writer I would call their complexions "ashen." When they realized I wasn't putting them on, I tried to explain that although Mason didn't have blinding speed he could run to daylight, like Hornung, and was a great competitor. I didn't sound convincing, not even to myself. I knew what they were thinking. They were thinking it wasn't me who had made a mistake, it was them for hiring me.

"Tommy, of course, became a great player for Minnesota, and is with Washington now, but I remember so well those first days in camp that year. How I agonized over him. That's the time you suffer most, those first few days when your judgment is really on the line. I remember taking Tommy aside. 'Tommy,' I said, 'all the guys I could have picked, and you were No. 1.' That's what sold his parents, I think, being recognized as the No. 1 pick of all the players in the country, because Boston offered him more money. 'I've hung my hat on you,' I said. 'If you don't make it, I don't either.' Actually it was worse than that. He had a three-year contract, mine was for one."

The story was never told, but Thomas was prepared to alienate the entire state of Florida when he drafted Bob Griese for the Dolphins in 1967. Looking back over Griese's success, it would seem a routine matter. Two-time All-America quarterback from Purdue. Fastest arm in the Midwest. Quick feet. Intelligent. Runner-up in the Heisman Tro-

phy voting. But that was the rub. The Heisman winner was Quarterback Steve Spurrier, University of Florida. Odds were good that Spurrier and Griese would go in the first round. What if both were available when it came Miami's turn? Thomas had already made up his mind, but not in favor of home-state hero Spurrier. He had decided on Griese because of little things he had picked up in brief meetings with the subjects, one at Griese's locker after the Rose Bowl game, one with Spurrier's lawyer in Gainesville a short time later.

"Quarterback is top priority," says Thomas. "He has to be the keenest guy on the club. He not only has to execute, he has to lead. So you try to find out as much as you can about him. Grades, family, everything. You try to get a feeling. Some are obvious winners. Some you wonder about. With some there's a fine line between confidence and cockiness."

"When I talked with Griese after the Rose Bowl game, he was wide-eyed and alert. He was attentive. He was interested in what we talked about. Like Tarleton, he impressed me right away as an aware guy. People were saying he didn't have a strong enough arm, but a quarterback's arm is a relative thing. I've found that arms get stronger as you grow in the pros anyway, and the kind you really need is the one that can pick a defense apart in the short-to-medium range. How many times does a quarterback have to throw the ball 60 yards?"

"Spurrier, of course, had the strong arm, and he was a winner at Florida. Tall, handsome, very popular. I talked with him in the den of his lawyer's home. Actually, the lawyer and I talked. Spurrier sat there playing solitaire the whole time. I had to interrupt to get his attention."

His mind made up, Thomas went into the draft. Miami was picking fourth. The Colts, by trade, had first choice: Bubba Smith, the defensive tackle from Michigan State. The Vikings took Running Back Clint Jones, also of Michigan State. "Atlanta was next," Thomas recalls, "and they needed a quarterback, but at the last minute they traded their No. 1 pick to San Francisco, which already had John Brodie and George Mira."

"Boy, I broke out into a cold sweat. San Francisco didn't need a quarterback. I was going to have to choose, and it would be Griese, and that would bring

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GOOD JOE continued

theroof down. We were trying to sell tickets, get the franchise going in Miami, and I was about to pass up the Herm Trophy winner and state hero. Then Pete Rozelle made the announcement from New York. "San Francisco selects Steve Spinner, quarterback, University of Florida. Phew!"

It was January 1955, and the coach of the Baltimore Colts was Weeb Ewbank. The Colts were rebuilding from their worst team. They had no offense; they couldn't move the ball. In 1954, only the defense had distinguished itself. In the last game against the Rams, the Colt defense intercepted seven passes. The defense was coached by Joe Thomas.

The night before the 1955 player draft, a group of Baltimore executives, headed by Club Owner Carroll Rosenbloom, gathered with friends in a suite of a New York hotel. A Baltimore columnist, John Stendman, asked if the Colts had decided on their No. 1 draft choice. Ewbank said it would probably be Larry Morris, a linebacker from Georgia Tech.

From the circle of conversants, Assistant Coach Thomas suddenly heard himself blurt out an objection. "Mr. Rosenbloom," he said, "I've been reading about how we're going all-out to win in Baltimore. How we're going to get the 'best available talent.' Those are the words I've been reading. And 'money is no object.' If we go for Morris, we're admitting that money is the object. The best football player available is Alan Ameche."

There was, Thomas remembers, a long, rather heavy silence. "They looked at me like I'd just jumped off the bench to take a tackle. It was none of my business—I was the defensive coach. But I had to say it. We had not established a running game. We needed a big tough back. Weeb already knew my feelings because he'd sent me down to the North-South game to scout Ameche and Dick Biebs of Maryland, another fullback I liked Ameche. Finally, Rosenbloom said, 'Well, we do want the best football players, and we'll go for the best.' Weeb said, 'All right, Ameche it is.'"

In February of that year, Thomas went to Los Angeles to take over the Rams defense. By then the story was out about Thomas' part in the drafting of Alan Ameche. "Everybody kidded me about it. They reminded me how slow Ameche was. The nickname he had at Wis-

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cousin was Alan The Horse They said he would wind up playing guard.

"In the first game of the 1955 season, the first time he touched the ball, Ameche ran 79 yards. He gained 194 yards that day, and by the time the season was over he had rushed for 961 yards and was voted Rookie of the Year. Every week of the season I pinned up the clippings on the Ram bulletin board and outlined Ameche's name in red."

The exact moment of Joe Thomas' transition from coaching to "director of player personnel" is a matter of record: he was hired to put the new Minnesota Vikings together in April of 1960. But it is likely, Thomas says, that the seed was planted with the Ameche episode five years before.

"From that time on I was fascinated with the idea that getting the material was half the battle. More than half. Ask any college coach. Ask Bob Devaney how much time he spends recruiting compared with coaching and he'll probably tell you 75%. Ask Bear Bryant. It's so important, yet they used to say in the pros that scouting was a waste of money. With me they didn't have to waste money. I was single. I was a loner. I was always going someplace on my own, attending a clinic, a coaches' convention. I visited practices. I did a lot of hanging around. The Ameche thing taught me something: the great satisfaction you can have when you compete successfully for players. It was fascinating because I realized that it was as important as the coach's job in the long run and, if you win, almost as much a reflection on you as it is on the coach. The desire I had had to be a head coach wore off."

The second son of an immigrant Yugoslav steel-mill worker from Warren, Ohio, Joseph Henry Thomas, age 49, has looked at football from all sides now, and at all levels. He played end at Ohio Northern U., from which he was graduated in 1943. He went on to get his master's in education at Indiana, and to coach there under Bernie Crummins after logging time at DePaul, and in high schools at New Albany and Rensselaer, Ind. He coached both football and basketball, At Great Lakes, where he was stationed during World War II, he jogged with Glenn Cunningham to keep in trim, and got to know Paul Brown and Ewbank. When Ewbank took the job with the Colts, Thomas was hired.

Those who played under Thomas at

Baltimore and Los Angeles sing his praises. Alltime All-Ram Bud McFadin said, "Joe showed me more about playing defensive tackle than any other man. His system of reading blockers is fantastic." Les Richter said Thomas taught him how to play middle guard. In the 1957 Pro Bowl, the West line was made up almost entirely of Rams and Colts coached by Thomas.

To Thomas' greater education, he came under a regime at Los Angeles that was ahead of its time in personnel handling. "They were enlightened about scouting," Thomas said one recent afternoon, sitting at poolside at his South Miami home. Thomas, at last, has done some settling down. He has taken a pretty blonde wife, Judi, and they have a daughter, Paige, age 1½, and a mortgage, and Joe is learning life from both sides, too. The Dolphins are members of BLESTO-VIII, and that cuts down on Joe's paperwork and, to a lesser degree, his need to be on the road so much.

When he wasn't coaching, Thomas scouted for the Rams. He found Carroll Dale in a cloud-of-dust offense at VPI, noted that Dale had good hands despite being unexposed to the forward pass, and was pleased when the Rams signed him, although Dale did not become a star until he went to Green Bay five years later. In 1957 Thomas moved on to Toronto of the Canadian League.

"There the coaches did all the scouting, what little there was of it. There were no lists. Reconnaissance was haphazard. When the season was over, we just spread out," Thomas soon departed of Canada; "I was afraid I would get lost there." Pete Rozelle recommended him for the Minnesota personnel job. He jumped. "It was a new challenge, and really what I had been working toward without knowing it." Two days after he touched down in Minneapolis, Joe was off on his 92-college tour.

Thomas settled back to explain how he had succeeded at Minnesota by really trying. He called it the "artichoke method," now proven successful at Miami as well, and this is the way it goes:

"You build from the inside. At the core is the heart of the team—the tender young rookies, the ones you get in the draft. You build under the veterans, and then you keep peeling them off, like the leaves of an artichoke, until you're down to the heart, to the guys who are really going to help you once they're ready."

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GOOD JDE continued

Don't let anybody kid you. You don't get much to start with in an expansion draft. Depth is an illusory thing. Not many teams really have depth. The players the other teams are forced to put up for grabs aren't going to be of the highest caliber. By the fourth year at Minnesota, we only had one player left from the original expansion draft, Grady Alderman, and he had been a rookie at Detroit when we took him. Same with Miami. After five years the only active player left is Norm Evans, our regular right tackle. So I've never been big on classing. These are exceptions, but good football players aren't usually found on waiver lists.

"The timetable for winning is five years. You better win after five years if you want to stay around. The building order is this: one, the draft. You have to do your best job there. Two, trades. Three, free agents and claims. George Allen has had success doing it in reverse order, by trading mainly, but many others have tried with no success. Pittsburgh, for one. My feeling is you can lose balance by trading away too many high draft choices because you won't have the young players coming along when you need them.

"I'd use the same approach rebuilding a veteran club, a club that has been losing. Immediately you think 'future.' You can't trade enough to fill all the needs, and a veteran club that's down is usually a collection of factions anyway. Trading will probably bring you more factions. Better off to start with a spring cleaning, build into the core with good young talent."

The trade for Warfield may have been Thomas' masterstroke. It began simply enough. Miami needed a wide receiver, but the simple things in Thomas' burrows can be the most complex. Scouting, for example, was more difficult when college teams used a wider variety of systems than the pros. "The system can make the difference," says Thomas. "Van Brocklin was a fifth-string quarterback at Oregon until they switched to the T. Then he became a regular. For years we drafted quarterbacks to play defense because they were the best athletes coming out of one-platoon football. You might draft four or five quarterbacks a year. Ed Sharekman and Chuck Lamson were quarterbacks. Sonny Randle was playing both ways at Virginia, but he wasn't hardnosed enough

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for defense. He said, 'Hide me, coach.' The coach said, 'We've tried, but they always find you.' St. Louis drafted him as an offensive receiver, period.

"It's easier to find the right guys now because schools have been using pro-style offenses and defenses. Two-platoon. Specialists. Everything laid out for you. But watch out for the trends. Many college coaches have now gone to the Wishbone T, with the triple option. More will follow. The quarterback has to run in the triple option. The best passer on the team therefore might not be the No. 1 quarterback. We'll have to look harder to find him."

There was no hard looking for Warfield, of course: he was right there staring for the Browns. But a cycle was working in Thomas' favor, and he knew it. "At that moment," he says, "there were only one or two good wide receivers coming out of college football. Ken Burroughs and Walker Gullette were the best. I wasn't interested. I wanted someone who was not just a prospect but a proven quantity. We had good receivers but we needed a legitimate deep threat. A guy with speed, a 4.6, with moves, and a guy who could catch. But I wasn't interested in a deep threat. I wanted the *best* deep threat."

And although it was a bad year for receivers, it was a good year for quarterbacks; most notably Terry Bradshaw and Mike Phipps. The Browns needed a quarterback. Bill Nelsen's knees were bad. Ironically, the Browns had finished too high in the standings to hope for a draft of Phipps or Bradshaw. Miami, struggling through expansion, had the third-worst win-loss record in pro football. The draft priority is in reverse order to the standing of the clubs. Thomas was due to draft third in the first round.

He let the word get out: Miami is willing to trade its No. 1 draft. Writers kept asking, "What do you need, Joe?" and Joe kept answering, "A wide receiver." Calls began to come in. Players were offered in bunches. Thomas kept saying no thank you. Homer Jones was mentioned. Al Deamon's name came up. Thomas listened. The deals didn't mesh. For a while he had the feeling he might be able to get Lance Alworth from San Diego. Sid Gillman offered Dickie Post, a running back, instead. "You must be kidding," said Thomas.

In all, Thomas talked to 15 teams. Some were more eager than others. The

continued

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GOOD JOE

Browns, he noted, were more eager than anybody. "There's only one player I'm interested in," he told Ari Modell, the Cleveland owner. "Who, Warfield?" Modell said. "Yeah," said Thomas. Modell laughed.

But the calls kept coming. Thomas put it on the line: Cleveland wasn't going to get Phlips or Bradshaw in the draft because the Steelers were first up and they'd take one or the other. Green Bay was second and, privately, had indicated it would take Mike McCoy, the tackle from Notre Dame. Miami was third. Thomas would take the quarterback left by the Steelers, and then, since he already had Griese, take a chance on a trade for a good receiver. He indicated that if Cleveland didn't act, there might not be a tomorrow.

Thomas talked for the last time with Modell on the Friday preceding the Tuesday draft. Then he waited. The weekend dragged by. Gillman called once more, offering Post. "Can't do it. Sad, but I might have something going." "Who?" "I can't say." "C'mon, Joe, this is your old coach talking." "All right, but keep it under your hat, Warfield." "Wow." On Monday the call came from Modell. "The trade is on."

"There's no doubt in my mind that Phlips will be a great one," Thomas says now. "Cleveland gets undue criticism for the trade. It was probably the best deal we've made, but it was also one Cleveland had to make. You hauled with a quarterback, and the Browns needed a quarterback. Would I have made the same deal if I'd been in their position? I don't know, really. But I wouldn't have slept much that week."

In Thomas' fourth year at Minnesota, the Vikings tied for second in their conference and challenged for the title. In 1965, when Miami was granted a franchise in the AFL, Thomas was the first man hired by Joe Robbie. In the Dolphins' fifth year, under the fresh leadership of Coach Don Shula, the Dolphins made the conference playoffs and are strong Super Bowl contenders now.

The Miami lineup is a testament to Thomas' drafting ability, his consistency in making first-round choices, count (Griese, Conka, Offensive Tackle Doug Cusack, Defensive End Bill Stanfill), his ability to draft quality in depth. Among the starters, Safety Jake Scott of Georgia was a seventh-round choice and had gone to Canada to play, but Thomas

kept after him. Twilley was a 12th-round choice, as was Linebacker Mike Kelen. Cornerback Lloyd Mumphord was a 16, Guard Bob Kuechenberg and Defensive Tackle Manny Fernandez were free agents.

"You should be willing to try anything once," said Thomas, pouring coffee. "even if you don't think it'll work. There are no real guidelines. In 1967 we conducted a tryout camp. Eighty-six guys came out. What a collection! Some of them had three or four kids. Most were in pitiful shape. None made it. I got a letter from the wife of one of them. She said, 'I've since the Dolphins came to town, my husband has said he can play better than the guys you've got. You gave him a tryout, and he proved how good he is once and for all. Thanks for shutting him up.'

"The big thing is still the draft, and you draft two ways: for needs at certain positions, and for the best athletes regardless of position. I have them rated both ways. I make lists on separate sheets—the best athletes regardless of position, the best athletes by position. Linebackers, 1-2-3, halfbacks, 1-2-3, and so forth. I go in looking for what we need, but if I get a chance to get a player who is tougher to find, a skill position player like a quarterback or a receiver, I grab him. For example, in 1968 we were into the fifth round, looking for a defensive back. We had drafted Conka No. 1. We felt secure at running back. We had three or four pretty good ones, and now Conka. But in the fifth round I looked up and Jim Knick was still sitting there undrafted. I'd been watching Knick for three years. I'd spent two days at Wyoming practices his senior year and he'd impressed me. Van Brocklin said he was too fat and too slow when Knick was in the All-Star camp later that year, but my answer for that is: can the guy run with the damn football? As far as I was concerned Knick was a winner. We drafted Knick. He was too good to pass up. And if I knew then what I know now, we'd have grabbed him sooner."

And if he knew what he knows now, he might have used different tactics to get Linebacker John Kirby for the Vikings. But one should bear in mind that the year in question was 1964 and the AFL-NFL war was never hotter. Anyway, was Thomas, high up in the press box at the Orange Bowl as the Au-

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GOOD JOE

burn-Nebraska game wound to a conclusion, and there was a San Diego scout standing on the sidelines with what appeared to be a contract stuffed in his top pocket. The scout's name was Al LoCasale, and Thomas knew that the Chargers were after the same prize Kirby of Nebraska.

Thomas hurried to the press elevator, and was on the field before the game ended. He went over and stood within a short plunge of LoCasale. They exchanged nods. Suddenly the game was over and LoCasale was sprinting onto the field, brandishing the contract and a pen. When Thomas, reacting slower, got to them, Kirby had the pen in his hand. "There was only one thing to do, of course," says Thomas. "I was really sorry later. LoCasale is a little guy."

No one has been able to put together all the details, what with the confusion of the milling crowd and all, but LoCasale wound up on the ground. It was some time before he regained his senses. Thomas led Kirby to a sideline, instructed an assistant to "keep an eye on him," and rushed over to the other sideline to sign an Auburn player.

"Two Minnesota executives were there, and they were supposed to officially sign Kirby. But when I got back to the hotel he wasn't there. The executives were buying a drink and mourning in their glasses. 'What happened?' I said. 'He won't sign.' 'I like hell he won't,' I said. 'Where is he?' 'At the Indian Creek Country Club. The Orange Bowl party.' I grabbed a cab and hustled over to Indian Creek. One of John's teammates was coming down the steps. 'He doesn't want to talk to you,' he said. 'Oh, yeah?' I went in and took Kirby by the elbow and directed him outside. He said he had to catch a plane. I said all right, we'll talk it over on the way to the airport. When we got to the airport, I told the driver to keep driving. John still didn't want to sign. A lot of kids were mixed up like that during the war. Finally, he relented. 'Let's go back,' he said, 'and I'll talk it over with my coach. Then I'll sign.'

"And he did, too, in the lobby of the hotel in front of our two executives, who couldn't believe their eyes, and a Minneapolis columnist named Sid Hartman. Sid, of course, wrote it up well. That's what I call timing. Life is timing." Yeah, and the atschoke method is fine unless life calls for a right cross.

END



After a short but busy stay in New York, where a host of drinking companions accompanied him home, drank with him till he fell asleep and then relieved him of \$16,000 in cash and belongings, Actor **Richard Harris** was understandably anxious to get out of town last week. But on the way to the airport a friend told him about this rugby match going on over at Randall's Island, so Harris, who played a hot-blooded rugby tough in *This Sporting Life*, diverted his car, moved his plane and watched Australia beat the Eastern Rugby Union of the U.S. 22-3 (*page 73*). The Aussies then toddled off for a few drinks. Harris, once burned, headed for the airport.

◆ The Dodgers' **Wes Parker**, one of the best at stopping baseballs at first base, has recently turned to stopping football action. Parker covered the USC-UCLA game as a free-lance still photographer but says he has no plans to develop his hobby into a second career.

The Antique Auto Museum Ltd. of Niagara Falls, Ontario is going out of business. At a recent auction, collectors snapped up the following interesting bar-

gains: a 1910 Rolls-Royce, once owned by the **Duke of Windsor** when he was Prince of Wales, for \$20,000; **Charles Lindbergh's** 1927 Packard, for \$17,000; Nazi Field Marshal **Erwin Rommel's** 1939 Horch convertible, for \$12,500; and **Mussolini's** 1939 Lancia Astura limousine, \$15,000. The car that brought the highest bid was **Al Capone's** bullet-proof 1928 Cadillac, a cool \$37,000. Proving crime does pay—if you wait long enough.

Only one man at the Heisman Trophy Award dinner last week did not dwell at length on the accomplishments of trophy winner **Pat Sullivan**. Guest of honor **John Wayne**, who played college football himself, made like a comic and got most of the night's laughs. Concerning the Army-Navy game: "It was nice to see the Army winning something for a change." On **Joe Namath**: "Joe was out of action for a long time... he'll be wad! Why, he completed seven passes in the lobby of the Warwick Hotel just last Sunday."

Every time Connecticut's Governor **Thomas J. Meskill Jr.** gets introduced at an out-of-state function, the band plays the Yale pep song, *Boola Boola*, for lack of something official. The Eli tone is driving the governor up his trees, however, and he is thinking of sponsoring a competition so that Connecticut, like other states, will have an official song of its own. It can be called anything, presumably, except *Late to the Chief*.

Intelligence agents please note: Those rubberized spheres that have begun to bob up mysteriously in international waters in the western Pacific probably come from the Navy's U.S.S. *Passiveone*, just back from a top-secret mission. Some hot

new type antimagnetic mine? Nope, just the floats from the basketball games the sailors play on the helicopter deck. "Our greatest problem," says their coach, **Lieut. (J.G.) P. V. Brinkley**, "is the bulls that go over the side."

Willie Mays played host on *The Dick Cavett Show* a few nights ago and bravely answered questions from the audience. "Have you ever thought about being a manager?" asked one member of the audience. Willie looked appalled, pointed to his head and said, "You see those gray hairs? Well, I ain't aiming to go bald."

◆ Soviet Premier **Aleksei Kosygin**, who took time out for a hockey interlude on a recent visit to Canada, made the sport scene again last week in Copenhagen, where he visited a metal trades school and came to grips with skittle pool.

Just before kickoff at the Oakland-Baltimore game the other Sunday, the band struck up the national anthem. But when **Singer Rossini** started the familiar refrain, "Oh, say can you see...," all that **Bill Klem** and his friends watching on TV saw was



red. Complained the commander of the Los Angeles County Council of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, "The Oakland players and coaches wandered all around the sidelines talking and were generally inattentive and disrespectful during the anthem." He fired off letters of protest to the press, both coaches and Commissioner **Pete Rozelle**. "They should have been lined 15 yards for unsportsmanlike conduct," Klem said.

Not long ago Ohio State Representative **Richard Renschel** from Muskegon organized a charter bus trip for local high school football fans to the Stereobiscuits game. The round trip would cost each couple \$13, and Renschel threw in what he intended as a facetious alternative. In lieu of the \$13, he said, couples could hire their way aboard with three cases of beer. Heh, heh. A few days later a truck drove up and deposited 33 cases of suds in Renschel's driveway, meaning he had to lay out \$143 for the 11 boosters who paid in liquid assets. It put him a little out of pocket, but if you've got the time, he's got the beer.

Everyone's favorite television Nazi, **Arie Johnson**, formerly of *Laugh-In*, has been after Commissioner **Walter Kennedy** for a chance to become a referee in the National Basketball Association. Johnson made his request on the grounds that he had played sports "all the way through the sixth grade." It was Kennedy's view that Johnson's 5'4" height might be a hindrance. "Reluctantly, I have come to a conclusion that you are too short to join our officiating staff," he said. Johnson then threatened a lawsuit charging the NBA with discrimination on account of height. Verry interesting. But dumb.



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In the age of chummy, hands-across-the-globe internationalism, it is somehow O.K. that the most exciting college basketball player in the land is a 6' 11" Yugoslav who avows Communism, speaks Italian and surrounds himself with American Mormons.

It is fitting, too, that the marvelous court antics of Kresimir Cosic ("Kresh-mir Cho-sach in Mormon language," says his coach, Stan Watts) will not go unnoticed out there in the alabaster mountains of Utah. Last weekend more than 45,000 people journeyed into Utah Valley to watch Cosic and the Cougars of Brigham Young win a gem of a season-opening tournament by defeating Kansas State 78-72 and St. Joseph's of Philadelphia 73-72. Braving a bitter blizzard on Friday night that would have kept even Robert Redford off the slopes and struggled in his cabin in Sundance, 18 miles away, 22,652 saw Cosic score 30 points and control 18 rebounds against the imposing front line of Kansas State. On the following night, another capacity crowd was present as the carefree Croatian had a much harder time of it against the Hawks' skillful center, Mike (Snick) Bantom. The two big men went at each other with a frenzied unique for such an early contest. Though Bantom had a bare statistical edge (32 points to 31, 13 rebounds to 10) he missed three important shots at the end of the game while Cosic was commanding the boards, and that ultimately was the difference.

The throngs that converged on Provo surely produced one of the largest two-day outpourings of basketball followers ever. They came as much to see the place where the games were to be played as the games themselves. It is called the J. Willard Marriott Activities Center—after the Mormon motel magnate—and it is a brand-new square blue and buff brick structure that ranks as the largest on-campus arena in the U.S. Because of the smooth, simple lines of the exterior, the place appears to be of moderate size (students have named it Fort Deception), but inside, the building inspires awe. It reaches 10 stories high, is three acres all around, and the roof weighs four million pounds. Under the roof are all the conveniences of any Marriott—except room service and, of

Case of the capering Croat

Led by a giant Yugoslav who thinks he's a 5' 4" guard, Brigham Young stepped off smartly into the new season with two wins and a new home

course, Coke machines, which are barred by The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

In truth, Brigham Young's beautiful new home was not fully ready for occupancy. The harkets were installed only two days before the first game. Away from the floor the building was still a skeleton, with unfinished locker rooms, incomplete heating and lighting and a temporary sound system borrowed from the football stadium. Outside lighting was scarce, landscaping was nil and everyone admitted the Marriott would not be completed until March when the NCAA Western Regionals are held in Provo. But workers rushed to get the place in condition and—despite the opening night storm that caused a 16-car pileup in drifis outside town—everything went smoothly.

The BYU successes that have brought about this wondrous arena are the responsibility of Watts, a bald-cherry Santa Claus of a man who has come back from near death to coach his 23rd team at BYU. Last season, while his Cougars were on their way to their fourth Western Athletic Conference championship in nine years, Watts was stricken with cancer and given little hope of staying alive. He was on the operating table for 14 hours. Under intensive care for 17 days, he came out of sedation just in time to watch BYU lose to UCLA on television in the Western Regional.

"I felt like going back to the knife," Watts says. More seriously, the coach says he was at a low point in his hospital stay until a retarded child of six visited him with a kite and a package of Life Savers as gifts. "It's remarkable I'm still around here," he says, "but how could a guy miss with that poor little child praying for me with his kite and Life Savers."

This season, after an amazing recovery, Watts is 30 pounds lighter and, his friends say, looking better than ever. He plunged back into his tasks as athletic director and coach, preparing what could

be his finest team for early tests against schools from the other three time zones.

For an opening weekend the BYU classic held vast promise. Representing the West was University of Pacific with its 6' 10" star John Grandell, who would match up against the 6' 9" Bantom in a battle of the most underrated big man on both coasts. Kansas State, a pre-season favorite to win the Big Eight, had a host of returning musclemen determined to make amends for the confusion at Manhattan last season. And local fans were anxious to see BYU's backcourt featuring Bernie Fryer and a couple of good sophomores.

continued



KRESIMIR COSIC IS VOCAL IN ENGLISH

Still, it was not the strong field, nor the reincarnation of Stan Watts, nor even the new arena that captured the people's imagination. It was the magnificent Cosac who did that. A little spirit whose English is decipherable after two full years in the States, Cosac has a fine, curly hair for a haircut and the romantic, brooding features usually prevalent among those mysterious stars of foreign movies concerning affairs of the heart. He learned to play the game in the city of Zadar, an ancient resort community on the Mediterranean "a basketball town," says Cosac. While playing in a European all-star game in Paris a few years ago, he roomed with BYU's Vekko Vainio, a Finn who encouraged him to come to Provo. In his sophomore season Cosac broke his hand early, but he survived to average 24 points over the last six games and make the Western Athletic Conference all-star team while establishing a court presence and personality that has been matched in recent college history only by Pete Maravich.

Cosac's zest for the game is something to behold. On the court he is forever clapping his hands, raising his high, laughing, shouting, "Oye! Oye!" (I'm open! I'm open!), jackknifing for layups, dribbling through his legs, passing behind his back and joyfully firing all manner of shots from improbable positions and angles. One of his favorite numbers consists of a bounding, leaping hook shot from way downtown in the course of which he pumps several times high in the air, then releases the ball from somewhere around his socks. The crowd eats the show up.

Much to the chagrin of his coaches and the BYU guards, Cosac loves to lead the fast break. In practice, basketballmen have to steal the ball from him to touch it, on occasion he and Fryer have come close to blows. But he is far from being a selfish player, his passing, in fact, may be the strongest point of his game. (Last weekend he was credited with 10 assists, but his teammates blew at least eight other layups after deft passes from the Yugoslav.) Naturally this is all so much (a roatian hot dog (kasharica), and it drives some of the Cougars to fury. "I'd like to hit him with a two-by-four sometimes," says Fryer.

"No care," says Cosac. "This is way I always do. No. 1 thing is win. No. 2 is please crowd. If I don't play to crowd

in Zadar, oh boy, they (frown) rock."

Before BYU's opener with Kansas State, Cosac demonstrated his supreme confidence during a team meeting. Disagreeing vehemently with Watts' plan to have him go outside against a 6' 7" man, Cosac fairly shouted, "Who is this what I have never heard in my life 6' 7" person can stop such as myself? Why every time that I cannot go inside basket where I can work over this little kid?" The team broke up, but some of the laughter was in derision. A few of the Cougars are resentful of the attention and publicity Cosac has received. "The rest of us make a mistake and the crowd gets on us," says one. "Cosac can fall on his nose and it's a standing ovation. Sometimes he hurls us with his circus act."

Against Kansas State, however, BYU was in trouble until Cosac went to work. With his team leading by only 46-45 with five minutes gone in the second half, Cosac hunked one in off the glass from a sharp angle. After a turnover, he took a pass at the top of the circle while facing 6' 7" Jack Thomas in a mismatch. Cosac cradled the ball, swooped it over the head of Thomas and behind his own head in one motion. While the bewildered Thomas looked for the ball, Cosac dribbled around him and through two other men for an astonishing basket. Moments later he took a defensive rebound, went behind his back on the dribble at midcourt and fired perfectly to Fryer for a layup. Next he threw a jumping 25-foot hook pass to Phil Tollestrup for another layup. BYU led by nine, and the Marriott was jumping, too. Cosac laughed all the way to the bench.

"He's a man among little boys," said Kansas State coach Jack Hartman after the game. "The looniest guy with talent ever," said St. Joseph's Jack McKinney, who had to find a way to defend against him Saturday night. Bantom had overshadowed Giannelli: 20 points to 10 in St. Joe's 64-58 victory (the Pacific center fouled out after playing less than half the game), but Cosac would be a different story. In the title game the teams stayed practically even until six minutes remained. Then Bantom wheeled inside for three baskets, and the Hawks led 68-64. Tollestrup countered with two baskets over the St. Joe zone, and when Cosac hit a long one from deep in the corner with 3:21 remaining, Brigham Young was ahead

to stay. Bantom fanned on his three shots down the stretch, but the Cougars moved five free throws to keep St. Joe in the game. Only some monkey business with the clock prevented the visitors' best shooter, Pat McFarland, from setting up for a good shot at the end. Instead, his interception led to a desperation heave that went wide.

"Bantom as good as any," Cosac said after the game, "I not in shape, tired, no dribble. But St. Joe, they go places." Indeed the Hawk will be flapping high this season at the Palestra, while out in the Utah mountains Kresimir Cosac will be whipping those large crowds into shape. At Brigham Young, oh boy, nobody throw rock.

THE WEEK

by HAROLD PETERSON

WEST "We knew they would be great," The Citadel Coach George Hill said. "We told the team that on our way out to California. But after you meet them you have a different impression. They're awesome!" "Tho," of course, were the Bruins of UCLA. Another basketball season, another UCLA team, another set of gasping superlatives. It's just too ironic. The high point of The Citadel's 105-49 loss was managing to score—after four minutes and 22 seconds Iowa put up more of a fight but lost 106-72. When Center Bill Walton torched out life in the second half, John Wooden was "forced" to play last year's red-shirt Sven Nater. Sven scored 10 quick points, dominated the boards, directed the defense and displayed an effortlessly sure hook shot.

Southern Cal got Svengalied. When Arizona State played its freshmen in a pre-season tune-up, a Trojan assistant coach was spotted in the stands. Coach Bud Wilkinson told his Son Devils to play like clodhoppers, and they did such a convincing job that USC was lulled. They were still lulled last week as the Devils unhorsed the Trojans 95-78. Guard Bill Kennedy scored 21 points and held Troy's Paul Westphal to 12. Southern Cal rebounded against San Francisco 102-82 with an effective 1-2-2 zone and a fast break.

When Houston stunned Stanford by 20 points, 87-67, Indian Coach Howie Dallmar gee-whizzed, "I would hate to run into a better team of one-on-one players." Basketball, however, is played five-on-five. When the Cougars crossed the Bay, Cal-

Continued

The ad your grandparents wouldn't let your parents read.



HIDING behind a mask, man's most dangerous enemy strikes in the dark, and seldom is out of cover that term death is his score. Just so long as men and women, and boys and girls, approaching maturity, are not taught to recognize the crookedness of all faces to health and happiness—and so long will many lives be utterly wrecked, lives which could have been saved or made decently livable.

Strange as it may seem, tens of thousands of victims of this insidious disease (syphilis) are utterly unaware of the fact that they have it and that its malignant power is steadily and silently nibbling them of health and strength.

No other disease takes so many forms. As it progresses, it may work as this: neuritis, arthritis, physical exhaustion, and nervous breakdown. It may appear to be a burn of eye, heart, lung, throat, or kidney trouble. There is practically no organ, disease the symptoms of which it does not simulate. No wonder it is called "The Great Imitator."

The Great Imitator

It is the imperative duty of each man desirous of protecting his own health—and more especially the duty of every parent anxious to safeguard children—to know its direct and indirect results.

Syphilis is responsible for more misery of body and mind than any other disease. It destroys flesh and bone. Its victims leave terrible scars. It attacks heart, blood vessels, abdominal organs, and most tragic of all, its attacks upon brain and spinal cord, the great nerve centers, resulting commonly in blindness, deafness, locomotor ataxia, paralysis, paresis, and insanity—a life long tragedy.

Because of fear and ignorance, countless millions of victims have been wickedly imposed upon and hoodwinked by quacks, charlatans, and

worse—madness, black-madness pretending to practice medicine.

The United States Government took a brave step forward during the Great War and told our soldiers and sailors the truth about this dread disease and what it would do if unchecked or improperly treated.

It can be cured by competent physicians if detected in time and if the patient faithfully follows the scientific treatment prescribed by his doctor. After the disease has been allowed to progress beyond the best stages, cures are less certain, but a great deal can often be done to help those afflicted.

Men and women should learn the truth and tell it in plain language to those dependent upon them, not education and guidance. It is a helpful sign that the best education deplores the old habit of secrecy and urge wide spread knowledge and frank instruction.

It is estimated that more than 10,000,000 persons in the U. S. alone have been or are now being badly syphilitic.

From 10% to 20% of all the cases in the general hospital of this country are found to be suffering directly or indirectly from this disease. The treatment in the hospital depends upon the

character and location of the lesion. According to Government statistics, the deaths of 10,000 Americans each year are directly caused by syphilis and associated diseases. But thousands of deaths charged to other causes are actually due to the disease.

Hospital and clinic records show that

early, proper treatment can be obtained and that the general treatment of syphilis is effective.

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The year was 1927. And Americans were getting syphilis, a venereal disease that was sweeping the country.

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So, the following year, we at Metropolitan Life ran a national advertisement about syphilis and its dangers.

By 1928 standards, the ad was shockingly direct. Not for children's eyes. Syphilis was a dirty word, but there it was in print.

185,000 Americans had contracted the

disease. In fact, it had become an epidemic.

Right now, we're in the midst of another epidemic. It's estimated that almost two and a half million people have VD, either syphilis or gonorrhea.

So we've written a booklet on the subject. It's not just another boring booklet telling you VD is bad. It's filled with answers to blunt questions like these: If I kiss a person, can I get syphilis? How would I ever know if I had VD? Can I go to a doctor for treatment without his telling my parents?

If your parents or friends don't know

much about VD or you're too embarrassed to ask, write for the booklet. It's called "Facts you should know about VD, but probably don't."

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Idaho beat them in double overtime 82-81 without doing a lot of sagging and double-teaming on big Dwight Davis and Dwight Jones. A big man for Cal was hitherto hapless Harry Brown, who had been tanned last year by crowds shouting, "Kill it, Harry, kill!" Harry, you see, weighed 268 pounds, and the floor shook when he ran. This year he is a svelte 225. Long Beach State began its less than frightening schedule by dismantling the University of Corpus Christi 91-51 but beat Nevada-Las Vegas only 83-72 in the State 7,300-capacity snake pit. "It was an unbelievable experience," shattered Corpus Christi Coach Bill White. "I spent the entire evening yelling at my players and the refs, and no one ever heard me. I thought I'd lost my voice." All Las Vegas Coach John Hayes said about Long Beach was, "Either they aren't as good as everyone thinks or we're a lot better than everyone thinks."

"If your team's not playing very well, praise the opposing team," said philosopher-like New Mexico State Coach Lou Henson after a 77-71 opening loss. Good advice. But what if the team that beats you is that power of Southwestern basketball, Angelo State? Just cry. Henson's Aggies were so shaken that they lost their second game too, to New Mexico 78-76. The hungry Lobos got several baskets on fourth and fifth rebounds, Henson praised their rebounding.

"If you're ready, it doesn't matter how good your man is," Colorado State's Travis Lackey said after holding Stretch Burton of Denver to four points, his lowest since junior high school. Denver lost 86-61. Where's that pick?

MIDWEST

Milwaukee's infamous antijaywalking obsession gave Marquette more trouble than St. John's of Minnesota, its first opponent. Jim Chones, Bob Lackey, Marcus Washington and George Frazer were all pulled in when they crossed a street against a cow's walk light. After their release, Marquette walked all over St. John's, 89-50, as Chones scored 24 points. Bowling Green presented more trouble before yielding 84-64. Although he was still weakened by the puzzling fatigue that has bothered him all fall, Albie McGure, the coach's son, played briefly.

"Season openers are supposed to be bad, but this was ridiculous," Ohio State's Fred Taylor said after the Buckeyes had beaten Georgia Tech 63-55. He felt exactly the same way about skinnier past Oregon 68-57 in OSA's home opener. Tech stayed close despite a 6½-minute stretch without a field goal. State's Allan Hornby was out with a heel injury and 7-foot Luke White fouled out. White scored 21 against Oregon (41 in the two games), but it returned for two Buckeye interceptions and a 14-point spur by Bob Suckman to put away the win.

Minnesota, sporting a Harlem Globetrotter warmup routine and three new regulars, pleased the crowd if not new Coach Bill Musselman. The Gophers coasted past a touring Australian Olympic team 76-46, and a North Dakota aggregation, which averaged six inches less per man, 68-49, but Musselman growled, "We didn't have the killer instinct." Imagine what he said when Iowa State led at the half before bowing 72-58.

Northern Illinois, with Jim Bradley romping in his first game, thoroughly enjoyed playing California State (Fullerton). The Huskies roasted the visitors 118-82.

Kansas hosted Kentucky in Allen Fieldhouse, named for Phog Allen, Adolph Rupp's old coach, and Rupp was moved to display sentiment. He visited the ailing Allen and said, "You are always happy to return to the scene where you received your opportunity in life." The Jayhawks almost ruined Rupp's mellow mood by forcing Kentucky into a zone as Bud Stallforth scored 26. But the Wildcats pulled it out 79-69, ending Kansas' 28-game home winning streak. Kansas did beat Xavier 75-57 at home.

Wisconsin-Eau Claire, averaging over 101 points a game, won three in a row.

SOUTH

North Carolina made Rick Karpis out of the visiting Southern Conference team, 127-69. Even with NIT Most Valuable Player Bill Chamberlain in the stands fur skipping wind sprints in practice, the Tar Heels sank 27 of 35 field-goal attempts, a crackling 77-49, and had Rice 70-39 at halftime.

North Carolina State made hay without grass. A district judge called a foul on the fuzz (illegal scratch), and starters Paul Coder and Bob Heuts were cleared of a marijuana possession charge. They were hardly needed as the Pack smoked past Atlantic Christian 113-75 and Georgia 92-88.

Maryland, high-rated despite starting three sophomores, looked green against Brown. Tom McMillen had only 16 points and 10 rebounds, and Maryland beat the visitors by only 100-83. Against George Washington, however, McMillen tossed in 35 and the Terps won 117-96.

Florida steam-powered Louisville to ruin the head-coaching debut of Denny Crum, former John Wooden assistant at UCLA, with a 70-69 upset. A glum Crum conceded that the press had taken Louisville out of the scoring crease, and Guard Tony Miller put some starch in the Cardinals with a 27-point total. Louisville did, however, mangle tiny Bellarmine 116-58.

The day before Florida State's season opener, highly regarded sophomore Lawrence McCray, 6' 11", came to practice with a doctor's note saying he had the flu. It was Oglethorpe that felt sick, however, losing to State 104-65. Eastern Kent-

ucky felt a little better, losing only 96-88.

With 7-foot Tom Payne lost to the pros and 6' 10" Mark Soderberg transferred to Utah, Kentucky's big man is Rennie Lyons, who stands 5' 10". Lyons broke up Northwestern's full-court press and set up several easy baskets, enabling Kentucky to scratch the other Wildcats 94-85. "The people will hold for me to use Ronnie, but I can't play him," Adolph Rupp said before the game. "He's too small, and he throws the ball away too much." Afterward, Rupp said, "The little man saved our life."

Auburn lost to South Carolina 84-63, and Jacksonville won two noisiers, beating Brooklyn College 110-75 and East Carolina 77-68. William & Mary, which may brew up more trouble this season, upended defending Southern Conference champion Furman 110-91; the losers missed injured playmaker Don Jackson and Center Roy Sampson. "Ever since I was a kid, I wanted to come to Duke and play basketball," said Jim Hobbins. He did, but as a Virginia player, and he led the Cavaliers to their first win ever in Duke Indoor Stadium (86-77) by hitting 10 of 14 shots.

EAST

After a 50-20 halftime humiliation of poor Kent's College, Penn relented. The Quakers abandoned their man-to-man defense to experiment with a 1-3-1 zone, using 6' 7" Cooky Calhoun as point man, and kept the margin from widening, winning 97-67. Maybe Navy Coach Dave Smalley was joking. "We will be bigger than ever," he said going to the Penn game. Navy's tallest starter was 6' 5", Penn's smallest starter 6' 5". Penn won 94-74.

If the Pilgrim forefathers had intended Harvard to play basketball, they would have brought some sneakers over on the Mayflower. With all that high-powered new talent, the Cantabrigians faded ill, losing to Seton Hall 81-80 on a last-gasp tip-in by Ken Hesse, who had missed his first eight shots. Jim Cunningham scored 25 and Lloyd Lewis 30, but the Crimson failed to function very well as a team. A 57-54 win over Northeastern was not terribly impressive either.

Penn State defeated Rutgers 99-68 but lost to Penn State 72-70. Ron Brown made a steal late in the game to assure the Lion victory. Darkhorse Dartmouth beat Connecticut 107-89.

Providence waited until the last nine minutes to smash Brown 81-61, scoring 14 points to none. Iran Costello led the spurt and added 20 points.

St. John's escaped Vanderbilt 98-81 in an error-filled game. Greg Chiswick tallied 25 points, but sophomore Jan van Breda Kolff, son of former Princeton, Lakeland and Princeton Coach Bill van Breda Kolff, held Mel Davis of the Redmen to a subpar 18. **END**

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Whiffenpoofs and Wallabies

The Australians may not have known whereof they sang, but they played a fast game and took the measure of the best U.S. team ever assembled

To the tables down at Mory's,
To the place where Louis dwells,
To the dear old Temple Bar we love
so well,
Sing the Wallabies, assembled with
their glasses raised on high,
And the magic of their singing
casts its spell.

A wallaby, as any Eli knows, is not a Whiffenpoof. It is, rather, a sort of minor kangaroo. It is also the symbol of the Australian National rugby team. And the song? "Our official song that isn't dirty," a Wallaby says.

"Is it Australian?" an American asks. Comes the authoritative reply. "The origin is unknown. No one in Sydney or Brisbane ever heard of this bloke Louis, or of any bars called Mory's or Temple's."

And certainly not of a bar called Barney Googles in New York City, where the Wallabies were assembled now, their glasses raised very much on high. They had just played a game, excuse enough for celebration; it was their first appearance ever in the United States, worth another beer, and they had won 22-3, which didn't seem to matter at all.

Winning isn't everything, rugby men always say, sometimes it appears to be almost nothing, especially at obligatory postgame parties. "Rugby's a great way for working up a thirst," said a player on the losing side. It is, too, a great sport for the *après-game* song. In the definitive collection of rugby lyrics, through thousands upon thousands of lines, there are perhaps six or eight that are quotable in a family magazine. And so it was last week that the Aussies negotiated their way past not only the unindigenous bleat for Mory's, but also the

classic *It Nearly Broke the Family's Heart When Lady Jane Became a Tart* and the almost endless *Evilness Nell, the Girl From the Yukon*. The wonder was that there was anybody at Barney Googles on Manhattan's East Side who remembered why all the Americans and Australians were there in the first place. But, lo, "confronted in one corner," as an Australian said, "was a knot of serious rugbys, and they had a game to talk about."

Australia was only the second national team ever to play in this country, and what had made its visit to New York particularly appetizing was the memory of the first—Fiji, an overpowering hand of giants who were cut down to size by cold weather, overconfidence and a motley bunch of businessmen, lawyers and graduate students in an icy little dell called Downing Stadium. Now, 365 nights later, the temperature was dropping again in Downing Stadium. And this time the U.S. had an even stronger team, a group of all-stars from the 10,600-member Eastern Rugby Union, only five of them expatriates (there were several more on last year's team). It was the closest thing to a national rugby side ever fielded in this country.

The match was so big that two Australian ambassadors attended, the Fiji ambassador to the UN was there, and so were actor Richard Harris, six Texans who had flown in for the game and about 3,000 other congealed souls. They saw in the first 40-minute half an Australian team that was considered one of the five best in the world and whose forwards—the main body-contact men—outweighed their American counterparts by 18 pounds. The Australians led at the end of the period by only a point, the result of a four-point try by a dairy



U.S. BEARD ROSE, THEN FELL TO AUSSIES

farmer named Garrett Gray that overrode the three-point penalty kick later by Rhodri Thomas for the ERU.

The Americans were hopeful Fiji had led at the half 8-6. The halftime rest in rugby is only five minutes, not long enough either to lose momentum or gain it. Finally, an Australian said, "I've never been tackled so hard," which was no more than frank testimony that most of the Americans had played college football.

Unfortunately for the home forces, rugby is more like basketball than football. It is a game of sudden reverses in direction, a flowing back and forth, and though the Americans did tackle hard, they failed to break the Australians in half. The Wallabies were far quicker in getting the ball out of the rucks and this, many people said, was an ominous sign. A ruck is not something they wish a person rots of in Yokohama; it is more like a joint that connects rugby's offensive rushes, a kind of unofficial scrum occurring when a surrounded player at-

continued

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RUGBY continued

tempts to release the ball among a gaggle of friends and foes. The nearest player grabs it and tries to pass the ball to his own backs with his feet. When a back gets the ball quickly, the other team's man-to-man defense is apt to suffer. And this is what the Aussies hoped would happen in the second half.

At the whistle the Wallabies seemed supercharged. Two minutes into the half an Australian back grabbed the ball from a ruck on his 40-yard line, and instantly four or five of his teammates were lined out at 10-yard intervals beside him. What ensued was a classic rugby play — flat, hard cross-field laterals from back to sprinting back, a tackle, another ruck, Wallabies' hull again and a try.

Later an ERU player would recall that try moment: "If we had contained that try it might have been close. We didn't, though, and they saw they could run on us."

And now as the rucks one could see Australian weight and conditioning take effect, the ERU backs were a step behind on defense. Minutes after the half's first try, there was another ruck, another pretty pass play and another try. Dick Plant of the ERU came out of one ruck with the back of his shirt ripped off, he played out the game that way, and it symbolized the state of his team: gallant, outweighed, bloodied and helpless to contain what a British ERU fan called the "remorseless inevitability" of the Australians.

Afterward, in the ERU locker room, the talk seemed in a way a preamble for Barney Google. It was in that hystero that an Australian said, "Tell me another game where you can beat the stuffin' out of a bloke for 80 minutes, then put your arms around him at the end, drink with him that night and still think he's a hell of a bloke."

Later, much later, along toward dawn in a cab returning to his hotel, an Australian was humming his team's official song, the one that isn't rhaid. "Haaa, haaa, haaa," he sang softly, and he began talking about rugby. "Your men have nothing to be ashamed of," he said. "Just work on your passing. That's what we're known for. In Sydney and Brisbane we have to compete with professional rugby, with 13 men, and it's a passing game. They've got blokes like Namath." Tackle that, you Whiffenpoofs.

END

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Oh, poi, what a football team

Nebraska ended the season with a trip to Hawaii, but not even the islanders' diversions kept the Cornhuskers from their appointed tasks

Military analogies with sport usually are ridiculous, but it is fair to say that in November the citizens of Honolulu were more apprehensive over the impending invasion by the No. 1-ranked Nebraska Cornhuskers than their fathers would have been if given advance notice of the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, just 30 years ago this week. In those days everybody knew the Los Angeles police force—unassisted—could knock out the entire Japanese military establishment. Nobody was about to underestimate Nebraska.

Week after week, as the Huskers marched inexorably toward what may be their second straight national championship and the University of Hawaii lost to the likes of Pacific and Fresno and Long Beach State, the Honolulu papers brimmed with dire predictions and volunteer game plans. One columnist suggested the Rainbows fly to Lincoln and take the field Dec. 4 shouting: "We thought the game was here!" The *Star-Bulletin's* syndicated cartoonist, Corky Tremblay, offered a *kahuna* (a priestly Hawaiian witch doctor) who ordered "Return the monarchy and secede from the union before game time." Other proposals that saw prize: a 22-man defense; an 11-man defense; one man to be armed with a rifle, and a power blackout in the area. In an earthy bar in Moiliili, a 300-pound Hawaiian subway alum downed his bottle of Primo beer and declared: "If we get half mo' bettah we put some wahines in line then some-body sure to score!" On Nov. 18 Sports-writer Bill Kwon wrote: "Do you realize it's only 16 more days until the Nebraska Disaster?"

There was one effort at long-range psychological warfare: an educational TV station taped a three-minute film of Hawaiian Defense Coach Larry Price looting in a beach chair, strumming a ukulele and being pined with mai tarts by a bikini-clad waitress. "Come on out," Price beamed. "Just bring plenty of sun lotion, swim fins, sunglasses—that's all you

need." The film was shipped to Lincoln and was shown on TV there. "I guess most of our boys saw it," Nebraska Coach Bob Devaney said later.

The Cornhuskers were due in Honolulu on Wednesday, Dec. 1, but an estimated 2,000 fans had preceded them. (One chartered plane had arrived in Hilo the day before Thanksgiving and watched the Oklahoma game at the Naniloa Hotel.) The boosters, wearing red cowboy hats, red dress hats, red ties, red jackets and even red pants, bloomed across Waikiki like poinsettias at Christmas. One group, sporting round red berets, prompted a member of the Pearl Harbor Survivors Association, gathering for a 30th anniversary convention, to exclaim: "They look like the meatballs on those damned Zeroes!"

Although early fans were able to persuade some Waikiki musicians to substitute the Nebraska fight song for the *Princess Papalele*, they were not allowed to meet their heroes at the airport. United Air Lines cunningly diverted the team plane to an obscure cargo area a mile from the main terminal. This tactic, however, did not entirely abort Hawaii's pregame plan. About 30 wahines, some in splashy muumuis, a few in print bolero jackets and brief, tight hot pants, all armed with dozens of flower leis, swarmed to the stairways at the front and rear of the big jet. (The girls in hot pants were Rainbow cheerleaders. "We call them our naval reserve," a Hawaii official confided.) Jeff Kinney broke three tackles on one play against Oklahoma, but he didn't break a single embrace in the first 10 minutes after landing. Neither did Johnny Rodgers, who had more trouble (and possibly more fun) scrambling 50 yards to the waiting buses than he had going 72 yards for a touchdown at Norman.

It soon became clear that Devaney, an old Hawaiian hand, had prepared a pregame plan of his own: attack. Instead of hustling his charges off to Ma-kaha or the Schofield army barracks,

continued

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he boldly led them straight into the land of milk and honey: coconut milk and lots of honey, straight into the Hilton Hawaiian Village at Waikiki. And, lest any moonlight infiltration be attempted there, he scheduled a 7-10 closed-door workout under the lights.

Although Devaney, who has coached in the Hula Bowl, had prepared his players for the undeniably remarkable sight of Honolulu Stadium, some were non-plussed. "Would you believe that?" asked one substitute back, marveling at the worn, wooden bleachers and the playing surface itself, a patchwork of brown dirt and scabbled grass. While the Cornhuskers ran through brisk, no-contact drills supervised by his assistants, Devaney—mildful of the agonizing 6-0 upset Hawaii achieved at Lincoln in 1955—stood near the 50-yard line and defended both the field and Hawaiian offhanded from invidious questions. "I told 'em this is the only place we can play football Saturday night, and we better be ready to play," he said of the former. "We expect a good game and fair talk." The latter question grew out of Hawaii's 28-21 victory over New Mexico the previous week, a game in which the Lobos were 24-point favorites and in which they were penalized 147 yards against the Rainbows' 28. Not all Ne-

braskaans were as discreet as the coach. "With those officials, I figure Hawaii has a 16-man defense," one muttered. "Maybe we could get a change of venue," somebody else suggested.

The next morning the Cornhuskers played into the hands of the Hawaiian conspiracy (Devaney obviously believes that history is made—and football games lost—at night.) Nearly every member of the team was down by the ocean at 8:30. Trainer Paul Schneider had prescribed beach play and swimming for Thursday but no water Friday and Saturday. Also, no surfboards. Quarterback Jerry Tagge, Johnny Rodgers and Bill Koch took off in a bicycle-style paddle boat, but they did not stray far. The girls were coming, this time in green ti-leaf hula skirts, and laden with the inevitable leis.

At the behest of photographers, the Husker backfield paddled about the almost surfless cove in an outrigger canoe, with the tender enemy as passengers. Back ashore, Rowe Alvarez, a Hawaiian-Portuguese-English-Chinese charmer, led Johnny Rodgers into two feet of water and taught him the hula after wreathing him with a plumeria lei. Somewhat unwillingly, Tagge threw a few coconut passes for a photographer, who implored him to "cock your arm more." "They don't teach us that in Nebraska," Tagge said sharply.

A 10 a.m. meeting cut short this happy diversion. When the players returned to the beach they seemed impervious to half-a-hundred hiked irregulars. Remote though the chance seemed, no Husker wanted to approach Alabama having left the team's No. 1 rating on the sands of Waikiki. Devaney himself dozed in the sun under a coconut hat on a tiny section of sand well away from his troops. That night he took the team to dinner in a nearby Chinese restaurant. "That's Devaney's idea," grumbled Trainer Schneider. "If it was me I'd keep 'em right at the training table. Hell, we took all our own food to the Oklahoma game, right down to the salt and pepper. After all, who knows what kind of food you'll get in an Oklahoma City hotel?"

Hawaii's most deadly pregame weapon, the hotel luau, was still in reserve. It was scheduled for Friday night, and Devaney had agreed to produce the team. "Wait! We fill 'em up with kalua pig, lomi lomi salmon and poi!" chorled a

Hawaiian fan. "That'll fix 'em." Alas, not so. Some 3,500 hysterical Cornhusker fans accepted the culinary risk (6,000 more couldn't get in), but not the players—Schneider kept them home munching Nebraska steaks until the "feast" was over. They had spent the morning visiting the U.S.S. Arizona Memorial at Pearl Harbor and they entered the luau in a body, defense to one huge room, offense to another. When the ovations subsided, the hula girls got one last shot at the visitors—Kinney, Tagge, Rich Glenzer and a few of the other stars were enticed up to the stage to learn about the hips and the hands. All this trouble went for naught. No dislocations, no sprained ankles. The love machine had failed. The point spread, which had started at Hawaii plus 170 after the Oklahoma game, steadied at a bettable Hawaii and 40.

Meanwhile up in Manoa, campus of the University of Hawaii, the Rainbows had completed a week of light workouts against Nebraska plays plotted from an exchange of film (neither team had sent scouts). Everyone seemed loose and unworried. Asked if he had any surprises in store for the Nebraskaans, Coach Dave Holmes said: "Yeah, we're going to show up."

And they did. Soon after the opening kickoff it was Nebraska 3, Hawaii 0, then 10-0 and, still in the first quarter, 17-0. In the second period Johnny Rodgers showed the fans a replay of his Oklahoma punt return as he wove, feinted, slipped and sithered all the way to the Rainbow 15. ("And we gave him hula lessons," a Hawaii fan groaned.) This run, the most electrifying of the game, was nullified by a clipping penalty. Even so, the Cornhuskers led comfortably at halftime 24-3, much of it on Tagge's running and passing, and it took some courage for Hawaii rooters to parade a sign reading CRUSH NEBRASKA around the field.

And of course it was Hawaii that felt the crush in the second half. There was more Tagge, more Rodgers and even some Brownson and Anderson, enough to make the final score 45-3. Which naturally surprised no one at all. The only surprise losers among the whispering palms were the TV viewers, who were denied one Nebraska touchdown because of a commercial. Just think: Six more commercials and the score might have been 3-0, Hawaii. **END**



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Filter Kings, 17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine; Longs, 18 mg. "tar,"

1.3 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. '79

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ROOMY.

CUTLASS CRUISER: More than 93 cubic feet of cargo space on a 116" wheelbase. Almost 10 feet of cargo length with tail-



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And it has the easy handling and smooth ride Cutlass is famous for. Standard features include a big Rocket V-8, a Drop-or-Swing Tailgate, all-nylon upholstery, and power brakes with discs up front. Smallest of our Big 3, but still a lot of wagon for budget buyers.

ROOMIER.

VISTA-CRUISER: More than 105 cubic feet of cargo room on a 121" wheelbase. Its exclusive observation roof turns any trip



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THE BIG 3

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Treat your friends light.

I.W. Harper is one great bourbon that never tastes heavy. Maybe that's why it's on so many gift lists. Is it on yours?

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THE
IMPRESSION
IS LIGHT.**



Gift wrap at no extra cost.
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When we last visited Herve Filion, the French-Canadian harness-racing driver (51, Sept. 6), he was confident of breaking his 1970 world record of 486 victories by winning at least 500 in 1971. Last week he proved that what Filion wants, Filion gets. Going into September he had 286 wins—and a fun schedule of up to 11 daytime races at New Jersey's Freehold track, plus another nine nightly at Roosevelt or Yonkers Raceway near New York. So Filion added 53 victories in September and 65 in October for a total of 406.

"Then I got hot," he says. Yes, he did. He won 93 races in November, including nine of 11 on the lucky 15th. He also broke his wrist in a racing accident on the 17th. Didn't mean a thing.

Filion returned two days later with a cast on his arm and four pain pills in his belly—and won three at Freehold and another at Yonkers. On the 22nd he took eight of 13, including six at Freehold, only the fourth time a driver had won that many on a single card. On Friday, Nov. 26, Filion won the fifth race at Yonkers to tie his record 486, then moved on with a winning drive in the ninth race.

Going into last week, Filion was only 12 away from No. 500. Newspapers called him the "Iron Man," a name Filion does not particularly like. On the way to Freehold one day he was reading New York's *Daily News* in the back seat of his white Cadillac. Suddenly he thumped the newspaper angrily with his cast. "Look at this stuff," he said. "People must think I'm a working fool. They must feel sorry for me, but why should they? I don't work any harder than anyone else."

Just more often and at more places. During the entire year he appeared at a total of 28 tracks, including 22 in the U.S., four in Canada and one each in Australia and New Zealand. From April 1 through Nov. 30, Filion raced all but 28 days; he took only one day off in June and July.

"Yeah," said Filion stubbornly, "but I'm enjoying every minute of it." Didn't so much time with his horses leave very little for his wife and two children? "Look, I see more of my family than most men," said Filion. "I go home every night and my wife has a dinner waiting for me, and I get eight hours sleep. That's my secret: I like to eat and sleep and I never worry when I



HARNESS
RACING

William F. Reed

Undaunted by a fracture as he closed in on his 500th win, Driver Herve Filion had his arm in a cast and an 11-year-old claimer out ahead

Broken wrist, broken record

drive a bad race." What with one good race and another, Filion probably will net about \$300,000 for the year.

On a gloomy, rainy Monday afternoon last week, Filion won twice at Freehold to reach No. 490. His cast got so wet he was afraid he might need a new one, but en route to Yonkers he placed it next to the car heater, and it dried out nicely. That night, despite a hard, steady rain that turned the track into goo, Filion won twice more. Afterward he hurried home, where Barbara had his dinner ready, as usual. He stayed up until 2 a.m. watching a TV movie.

On Tuesday, as Freehold closed its meeting, it was so damp and cold that Filion bundled up in a fur-lined driving suit. It gave him the appearance of a small boy ready for a frolic in the snow. He drove in eight races, winning three, to put him only five away from 500. On the way back to Yonkers, Filion slouched in the Caddy studying the night's card.

"No, I don't think I can do it tonight," he said. Then he snuggled down into the upholstery and went to sleep.

At Yonkers it was miserably cold and windy, the horses breathing contrails of vapor as they whirled around the track. Filion won two of the first three races. But when he lost the next three almost everyone in the shivering crowd of 12,266 figured there was no way he could get to 500 before the evening was through. "I don't know," said Filion, winking. "I've always got a shot." He thereupon scored easy wins in the seventh and eighth races: 499. One race to go. Up in the press box Bob Beslov of the Yonkers publicity staff began to worry because "we don't have the victory wreath yet." Filion dutifully finished second in the finale.

Wednesday found Filion baby-sitting while Barbara went out to have her hair done in anticipation of the winner's-circle pictures that night. Around 7 p.m.

continued



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HARNESS RACING

Herve showed up in the Yonkers drivers' room and watched closed-circuit reruns of the previous night's races before putting on his red, white and blue driving snowsuit. He was entirely innocent of Roger Maris-style tension. "I know I will get it sooner or later," he said.

Sooner, hoped the track, because now the flowers were ready and Robert A. Gilmer, chairman of the New York State Harness Racing Commission, was on hand to preside over the ceremonies. It was another cold, windy night, and in the first race Filion finished next to last. The crowd of 13,329 groaned and fell back into the warm enclosures beneath the grandstand. For his second drive of the night—and his 1,978th of the year—Filion had a horse named Thunder Royal. In the paddock somebody noted that it would be fitting if Filion could get No. 500 with this particular horse. The overwhelming majority of his lifetime wins have come behind clambers, cheap and otherwise, and Thunder Royal, an 11-year-old, was not only the oldest but also one of the cheapest horses in his stable.

Leaving from the No. 2 post, Filion dropped Thunder Royal into the fourth position for the first quarter mile. He took the lead just before the half and still held it as the field hit the stretch. "It's all over now," said a groom, and indeed it was. As the crowd cheered them home, Filion and Thunder Royal drew away to a two-length victory.

Barbara Filion came out of the stands to smile and shiver at Herve's side while the cameras flashed away. The track gave Filion \$500, one dollar for each win. A wreath of white carnations, red roses and blue plastic something-or-others was placed around the neck of old Thunder Royal, who had never received so much attention and affection. Then Filion led his horse back to the paddock, exchanging wisecracks with fans along the way.

Filion paused only momentarily to accept congratulations and chat with the press. What more could he achieve? Well, either late this year or early next he should pass Billy Houghton's career record of 1,445 wins, which is all the more remarkable when you consider that Houghton is 16 years up on the 51-year-old Filion. "All I want to do now," said the champ, "is win more and more races." With that he hurried out into the frigid night to get a horse moving toward the next race.

ERD



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ICEMEN YOU'D LOVE



TO HATE

BY PAT JORDAN



Hockey players, like most athletes, feel it is unjust to define them solely by the talents and personalities they exhibit in combat. As Jim Dorey of Toronto says, "Things happen so fast, you don't have time to think, just react." It is the nature of the game to bring out a man's instinctive physical reaction, says Dorey. Hockey is all fury and slash and whack, and its rules not only allow but demand fierce body contact. Thus, some players appear to be "brutal" or "savage" athletes. They are the bad guys from another town. And yet, like all generalizations, this one rings less than true. Stripped of their pads and sticks and skates, men like Dorey are no more brutal than the average lawyer or TV repairman—indeed, they are often gentler—as the vignettes on the following pages will attest.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BOB STANLEY

LOVE, HATE

by Michael



John Ferguson gave one victim "just a kiss."

John Ferguson, long and lean and sharp, is perched on a stool in a New York City drugstore, his shoulders hunched over the counter. His face, fleshless and dominated by a beak-like nose, is pointed down at his hands, which are moving back and forth across the Formica counter. He has curved his long, thin fingers so that each hand is shaped like a talon, and now, slowly, he brings the hands together until the fingertips touch and then withdraws them. He repeats the process time after time while the fat man standing beside him fidgets and stares at the moving hands. The fat man has a punk, anxious face, and he is clutching a piece of paper in his right hand, which he keeps out of sight.

"You get better looking every year, my friend," says Ferguson softly, looking at his hands. "For 10 years he's been asking for my autograph. He must have it 50 times already. Huh, friend? How many times can you ask for the same autograph?"

The man says nothing. He smiles or winces, it is hard to tell which. He takes the paper from behind his back and places it with a pencil in front of Ferguson.

"Please, Fergy!" the man says. "Make it out to Big Sheldon."

"Big Sheldon," says Ferguson, look-

ing at the paper. "His name is Big Sheldon. Last year he said he was a minister. Tell me, Big Sheldon who gets better looking every year, what kind of a minister has a name like that?"

The man smiles again, or winces, and Ferguson signs the paper. The man snatches up the paper and takes a deep breath.

"What do you do with all my autographs, huh, Big Sheldon who gets better looking every year? Do you swap three of them for one Bobby Orr?"

"No," says the man as he moves backward toward the door. "I swap five of them for a ticket," and he is out the door and gone.

"I see," says John Ferguson, very softly. "I see."

A few minutes later, gesturing toward the door through which Big Sheldon has departed, Ferguson says, "All the fans love me. When I retired last year I received thousands of letters from fans in every town in the league, all asking me to come back. I am the villain who makes the game interesting, they said, Without me they would have no one to hate. So I came back." Ferguson laughs at the thought. It is a mirthless laugh, just a breath really, and his thin lips twist up into his cheek, forcing his left eye to blink.

"But some of them really like me," he adds. "I don't know why. There's one old woman who waits for me at Madison Square Garden every time I'm in town. She usually gives me a book for my children. I have a whole library from her. She sends me Christmas cards and letters and seems really interested in me and my family. You know these grand-motherly types. They always want to redeem you. They feel you can't be all bad."

But for the previous 10 years John Ferguson of the Montreal Canadiens had been "all bad" as far as rival players were concerned. He had reaped more penalties, been in more fights and been a party to more injuries than probably any other player in the NHL. On the ice Ferguson did not seem to skate or move, he just appeared suddenly like an ill omen swooping down from nowhere. Seconds later there would be a fight, a penalty, an injury, and Ferguson would be gone. A few days before

he arrived in New York for a game last winter with the Rangers, Ferguson swooped down on Pittsburgh's Ken Schinkel. A few days later Schinkel underwent surgery for a broken collarbone. When the Rangers' trainer, Frank Pace, asked Ferguson how hard he had hit Schinkel, Ferguson looked up through raised eyebrows and shook his head. He sucked in his cheeks and formed a perfect O with his lips and then said ever so softly through puckered lips, "A kiss... I gave him just a kiss."

At six p.m. John Ferguson slips on his navy overcoat and leaves the drugstore. As he moves up 33rd Street in the darkness, three small boys come out of the shadows and fall in behind him. Although the boys are silent and Ferguson does not turn to look at them, he is conscious of their presence. Finally one of the boys moves up beside him. The boy walks a few feet before he says, "Fergy, we—" but before he can finish, Ferguson sweeps his arm out from his body, its shadow moving like a giant wing across the sidewalk, and he says, "No autographs." The boy shrinks back to his friends; they withdraw, are gone.

Ferguson stops at the corner of Seventh Avenue, across from Madison Square Garden, and waits for the red light to change. He is a towering figure at almost 6' 4". From behind he resembles an inverted triangle, the broad shoulders of his coat tapering to a narrow waist which tapers to even narrower hips, and so on, until it seems he must surely come to a point at his feet.

While he waits for the light to change, a man in thick glasses and a Russian fur hat stops beside him. He looks at Ferguson, once, twice, three times and then he says with a smile, "Hey, Fergy? You gonna play tonight?"

Ferguson does not look at him or say anything. The man repeats his question. Still staring straight ahead, Ferguson says, "No, I'm crossing the street to wait for a bus."

The man, still smiling, says, "Maybe you gonna score a goal tonight, huh, Fergy?" Ferguson says nothing. "Maybe even a hat trick."

"Three hat tricks," says Ferguson, and he begins to cross Seventh Avenue, the man skipping to stay beside him. When

they reach the other side the man turns and says, "You got any tickets for tonight's game? Heh, Ferg, any extra?"

Ferguson, who is still moving down 33rd Street, says, "I got a whole suitcaseful."

The man calls out after him. "Aw, ya hum, I hope they break your neck tonight."

But if Ferguson hears the man, he pays no attention. He continues to move down 33rd Street toward the shadows of the Garden. Suddenly there is a strong wind and he hunches his shoulders about his neck, which is craned slightly forward. The wind catches the vent of his coat, and the two sides flap in the breeze like ruffled wings, and then John Ferguson is swallowed up by the shadows of the Garden. From the corner of Seventh Avenue he is no longer visible as a man but only a form diminishing in the night—the dark, tapering form of a huge predatory bird stalking the city streets.

After that season the bird was seen no more. John Ferguson retired for good.

For the third time John McKenzie, a neat little man with a cigar clenched between his teeth, smiles. He is standing in the lobby of the Statler-Hilton in New York, his left arm around the waist of an older woman in black slacks, his right arm around the waist of a plump young girl in a raincoat, while in front of him a middle-aged woman in a Boston Bruin warmup jacket is squinting through the lens of a camera. "Hold it," she says, and clicks the shutter. Nothing.

"Oh, that stupid, lousy camera," says the plump girl. "I'm gonna cry!"

The woman in black slacks says, "Please, Johnny, don't go. My daughter loves you so much." The woman with the camera looks at it with fury. "Aaagh, you son of a bitch," she says to the camera. McKenzie takes the camera, examines it carefully, makes a small adjustment and returns it to the woman in the Bruin jacket.

"Try it now," he says. He puts his arm around the girl and her mother again and smiles.

"Isn't he a doll?" says the mother. The woman in the Bruin jacket squints and clicks for a fourth time. There is a small flash. "Oh, wonderful," says the girl,

clapping her hands. The two older women, beaming, begin to thank McKenzie, their hands brushing his arms as if they would like to tear off a piece of him as a souvenir. McKenzie disengages himself from the women, says goodby and begins walking through the lobby toward the door. But it is too late. The legion of autograph seekers who have been waiting for him converges like a swarm of locusts. Without breaking his stride he begins signing everything thrust in front of him as he moves slowly but steadily toward the door.

John McKenzie is a small, compact man of 34 years who stands 5' 7" tall and weighs 175 pounds. He has clear blue eyes that are often half-closed and blond hair that is beginning to turn gray at the temples. His face resembles that of Michael J. Pollard, the actor, except that McKenzie's small features are not quite so scrunched together. On this winter afternoon he is wearing a well-lined double-breasted suit and carrying a thin attaché case. McKenzie had originally ordered two such suits, but when his tailor failed to make them to his specific orders, he felt free to refuse them. Still, he bought one anyway, for \$200. "What could I do?" he said. Earlier this morning he had attempted to eat a leisurely breakfast in the hotel coffee shop, where a waitress kept hurrying him. At first he pretended not to notice her huffing and puffing. Finally, as he was about to light up a cigar, she said, "This isn't a lounge, you know." McKenzie looked at her for a second, then got up to leave. "It must be awful to work at something you hate," he said as he put a dollar tip beside his plate. His breakfast had been a No. 3, listed at \$1.85.

Once he is outside on Seventh Avenue the autograph seekers leave McKenzie, and he is lost in the noontime crowd moving across the street toward Madison Square Garden. Like most men of his stature, McKenzie walks with an erect and purposeful stride. There is about him a sense of order and direction which his clothes and compact movements tend to reinforce, so that he resembles not the violent hockey player he is but a well-organized businessman about to enter a bargaining session for which he is confidently prepared. It is only on the ice, his eyes wide and cold,

his body padded and squat, that John McKenzie looks the type of hockey player his reputation suggests. He still moves in that same rigid and precise way, only now, beneath the surface, there is a hint of violence. But it is a controlled violence nevertheless, and watching John McKenzie skate one has the feeling that at no time does he ever make a move, spontaneous though it might seem at the time, over which he does not have complete control.

Because of his size and the fact that he was born in the Far West (High River, Alberta), John McKenzie never thought he'd make the National Hockey League. He thought, instead, he would remain the rodeo cowboy he had become in his youth. Even when he reached the NHL in 1958 he continued to ride 2,000-pound brahma bulls during the off season, for which he was paid as much as \$300 a trip. He claims that hockey is a mild sport compared to rodeo riding, whose practitioners he calls "the best conditioned athletes in the world."

McKenzie skipped around the NHL for five seasons, with minor-league descents to Hershey and Buffalo in the American Hockey League, before he finally stuck in 1963 with Chicago. He

continued



John McKenzie thought new players were



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But the two most important questions to ask about any color set remain the same.

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Nearly every new feature you hear about deals with one or the other. But these features are often described in technical language that few people understand.

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Today, many makes of color TV can give you good natural flesh-tone color.

But some provide it at the expense of background colors. Skies may look green and grass may look blue. Not every time, but enough to annoy you.

Sears solved this problem.

Sears uses Automatic Tint Lock on most

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They'll hold true even when you change channels.

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In addition, Sears sets also have:

KEYED AUTOMATIC GAIN CONTROL — keeps your picture constant under varying conditions. That is, so it doesn't shimmy when a plane flies over.

AUTOMATIC CHROMA CONTROL — keeps colors from fluctuating when programs change, or you change channels.

AUTOMATIC COLOR PURIFIER — keeps colors clear and pure.

Not all brands give you all these features. All Sears sets have them.

Finally you should know that color quality varies from brand to brand. And not everyone agrees as to what is best.

In the final analysis, only you can decide whether you like the color or not.

Hundreds of thousands of people like Sears color the moment they see it. They never go elsewhere.

Automatic Fine Tuning and why Sears uses it.

You'll find an AFC — automatic fine tuning control — on most of the better sets.

AFC gives you a clear picture automatically as soon as you turn your set on; or flip channels.

Using manual controls, many people can't fine tune their set as well as the Sears AFC can.

Sears automatic fine tuning control is better

Compare Sears best features with other brands.

Features	Sears		Brand A		Brand B		Brand C	
	Yes	No	Yes	No	Yes	No	Yes	No
Automatic Tint Lock	✓							
Automatic Fine Tuning	✓							
Bonded Etched Tube	✓							
Bright Picture Tube	✓							
Wide Screen Picture	✓							
Instant Start	✓							
Roll Out Control Panel	✓							
Chromix	✓							
Solid State Components	✓							
Servicing Sets Nationally	✓							

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Sears sets range from less than \$200 to \$2000. These are just 4 sets from a large selection of all Sears shows and in the catalog.

than many others because it can pull in signals that some others miss.

Sears has AFC not only on most consoles, but on many portables as well.

In addition, on Sears best console, you'll find that all the important controls are in one panel that rolls out and tilts up at waist-high level so you don't have to stoop. When not in use they hide out of sight behind a decorative front. It's a Sears exclusive.

Like color quality, ease of tuning varies from one brand to another. Some sets are easier to tune than others.

The only way for you to know if a set is easy to tune is to come in, and try tuning it yourself.

Wide screen picture, bright picture tube, bonded etched tube, solid state, instant start.

The *wide screen picture* enables you to see more of the televised picture than you saw before.

Even though the wide screen picture is relatively new, Sears has it on most sets.

The *bright picture tube* makes whites whiter, making your color picture brighter and clearer.

Sears uses the best bright picture tube made. It gives you brightness without washing out the dark colors.

A *bonded etched tube* minimizes glare or reflection. The glare from a light for example.

The bonded etched tube costs more, so not all manufacturers use it. You'll get it on most Sears sets.

Solid state means using transistors, diodes and integrated circuits. Sears uses them for greater reliability.

Instant Start means the sound comes on instantly and the picture within seconds. Sears has Instant Start on many of its better sets.



On non-color TVs people will look okay — but the background colors will be off.



Sears Automatic Tint Lock gives you natural flesh-tone color — together with good background color.

How good is color on a portable? On Sears sets, it's as good as on a console.

Portables will give you just as good color as consoles. Tuning, too, will be just as easy.

Electronically, they're basically the same. It's

just that everything's more compact in a portable.

You'll find a huge selection of color portables at Sears. Including Sears best 19-inch diagonal measure *picture color*



These two color sets, both from Sears, are just two of the many color sets available from Sears.

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Sears color portables range in picture size from 11 inches diagonal measure to 19 inches. And start under \$200.

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Ask about service before you buy any set.

Not all retailers service the sets they sell. Sears does.

And you can count on Sears service, whether you move across the street or across the country.

We even check out the very set we sell you before it reaches your home.

When someone buys a color TV from one of our stores, it's inspected before it's delivered. To make sure everything is in perfect condition. Not all retailers do the same.

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From portables to table models to full-size consoles with the 25-inch diagonal measure wide screen picture. No one else has a larger screen.

Sears can give you what the others have, plus features of our own that practically no one else can give you — at any price.

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See the new shows in color. Come into Sears — and we'll help you pick the right set for you.

Sears

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Now. Take color movies by the light you live in. Kodak introduces a new kind of movie camera—the XL series. And a new kind of movie film—super-fast Kodak Ektachrome 160 film.

Together, they let you shoot super 8 color movies by ordinary room light. Even by candlelight. Which makes indoor movies so much easier to take. So much more natural. And so right for Christmas.

New Kodak XL movie cameras, with super-fast $f/1.2$ lens, electric eye, battery drive and drop-in loading, start at less than \$120. At your photo dealer's now. *Kodak makes your pictures count.*



New Kodak XL movie cameras and Ektachrome 160 movie film.

Kodak

LOVE, HATE

continued

admits that the farther down in the minors he went, the more violent the level of play became and the more forcefully he had to prove himself because of his size. "A lot of guys never made the NHL because they were scared off by the minors," he says. "But maybe those guys were born scared anyway."

In 1965 McKenzie was traded to the New York Rangers, whose city and style of play ill-suited him. "If I took two steps away from the Garden, no one knew me," he says. "Besides, I didn't fit into the Rangers' style of play. I wasn't a finesse player like them. I looked out of place on the ice. When I was traded to Boston in 1966 I felt I could skate as well as any of the Bruins. I became more confident. Now when I go out to dinner in Boston everyone knows me. It feels funny after all these years to finally be recognized. Even the front office treats me differently. When I used to work the rinks in the summers no one ever said a word. Now, all of a sudden, everyone's worried about me getting hurt."

In 1970 the Boston fans voted John McKenzie the Most Popular Player on the Bruins. They treated him and his wife to a two-week vacation on the French Riviera, which McKenzie describes as "a long way from riding broncos in Calgary. A lot of things have changed since I first came up. In those days I was mostly too embarrassed even to ask for a raise. If I did, the front office said take what they offered or go back to the minors. I usually took it. But then, money didn't mean much to me, either. All I cared about was hockey. Today everything is moneyized. Young players bring their lawyers and agents with them at contract time. Maybe it's better for them, but I don't know if it would have been better for me when I was younger. Pretty soon hockey players will be playing just for money instead of for the love of the game—like American athletes. They think the world owes them a living, that playing baseball or football is a big thing. Some of our guys are getting like that, too. They idolize Harrelson and Namath. But no matter what they do, they're no different than the rest of us. Most hockey players don't feel they're doing anything special because in Canada it is expected of a man to play hockey. Everyone plays. So when we come to the States and people make a big deal of us, we tend to stay in the background—like Bobby Orr.

You don't see him on the Johnny Carson Show every night. All he wants is a chance to prove his ability, to play the game. The Americans play for rewards, not the game. They want attention, publicity, money, all the extras. And they're very conscious of injuries. When a hockey player gets 10 stitches during a game, he goes back on the ice because he doesn't want to miss the action. When a baseball or football player gets hurt, he won't play. He's thinking about his career, his future, how much this injury will mean to his salary, everything but the game. I'm getting older now, and I admit I'm more conscious of injuries, too. But not when I'm on the ice. As soon as you start shying off, you get hurt. Then you wonder what am I doing here, and it's time to quit. I still think I hit as hard as I always did. And when I hit a guy it's nothing personal. I never think of an opposing player as a guy I like or dislike. I can fight with a guy on the ice and then go out drinking with him after the game. I've been in so many fights over the years I've learned to leave them on the ice. You isolate them as part of the game. They mean very little to you. Your ice personality has nothing to do with the type of guy you are off the ice."

Reggie Fleming has the puck. He looks around. He is alone at center ice. He begins skating furiously toward the Ranger goal, his eyes glassy, his hair blown back like the comb of a rooster. Thousands of fans in Madison Square Garden are screaming for someone to stop him. Suddenly Brad Park appears in front of him. There is a clatter of sticks, and now Reggie is alone again as the action moves swiftly away from him back toward the Buffalo goal. He looks around, bewildered, as the Ranger fans begin to laugh at him. "Hit someone, Reggie," yells a fan. "Why don'tcha hit someone?" But there is no one to hit.

The first time Reggie took the ice in New York a decade ago everyone skated away from him. They were all too fast, he says. His coach took him off the ice and told him that if he wanted to stay in the NHL he had to stop people from moving away from him. It did not take Reggie long to realize that if he hit people hard enough and often enough they did not move away so quickly. In that first game he accumulated 37 minutes in penalties, and his fate as a hockey player was sealed.

"If that's what I had to do to stay in the NHL, O.K.," he says today. "I didn't like it, but you can't always be what you want. My biggest problem was trying to convince my mother I wasn't as bad as all the papers said I was. She had never questioned anything I did before, but now she was afraid I would get hurt. She said she didn't bring me up to be rough like that. Then she began worrying that all the mean things the sportswriters were saying would hurt me. I had to call her after every game so she wouldn't worry. I still do. I'm an only child, and she worries."

Reggie Fleming is 35 years old, stands 5'8" tall and weighs almost 200 pounds. It is said by many people—although never to his face, only after they have moved away—that Reggie Fleming is getting too fat to play hockey.

Reggie has a broad, spread-out, small-featured face. His eyes are small and a brilliant blue. There is something childlike about those eyes, their brightness, openness. They reveal the man. Reggie Fleming is open and friendly. He loves to talk (in a scratchy, Aldo Ray voice). He talks to fans whether he is on the ice or off. He talks to the visiting team's trainer, to equipment men, players, referees, reporters, anyone, everyone. People never look for Reggie, he finds them. "Radar," said one player, touching his head.

Sometimes Reggie will be talking to three or more people at the same time, all the people curiously strangers to one another, when suddenly he begins introducing everyone to everyone else, trying, like a proper host, to pair those people he feels have a common interest. "He's a writer," he will say to an NHL official. "Maybe you'd want him to do a story." And the NHL official will smile and move quickly away.

Because of this openness, people often dismiss Reggie as if, in a world that cherishes guile, he is somehow deficient. He is the kind of man people like having known but not knowing. He cloy. He talks too much, and one man. But listening to Reggie Fleming talk, the words bubbling out like boiling water, one gets the feeling that he is trying very hard to say something that has eluded him all these years. There is a point he is trying to make. He is trying to get something right, to set it straight, something he has never before been able to do, and if only he says enough words,

continued

LOVE, HATE

continued

dislike someone or later the right combination will spill over. But it never does. It eludes him like the faint breeze that can be felt only after it has passed. And he senses that all the while people are listening to him—pretending to listen, at least—they are thinking of the clever things they will say when they move away. There was the Garden employee who listened for 20 minutes and then said as he moved out of earshot, "He's a real centerhead," and laughed.

Such remarks are never meant for Reggie's ears, but they linger like a muffled whisper in his mind. Something is not right. He wants to call the people back and explain it all over again so they will understand once and for all what he has been trying to express, understand it not by force but by the clarity of his logic. But that is self-defeating. He gets only more entangled, and more, and so he takes to the ice.

"Sometimes I get so worked up over things, I don't know what, just things, that I want to beat every one," he says. "One night Kate Smith sang the national anthem and my adrenaline started flowing so that when I got on the ice I beat every one in sight."

But today, at 34 years of age, Reggie Fleming does not hit so many people anymore. For one thing, he has been dropped down from the Buffalo Sabres, his seventh NHL team, to the minor-league Cincinnati Swords. It bothers him, but who is he to question his fate? That's for the younger players. The New Breed, he calls them.

"These kids aren't dedicated like the older players," he says. "They try to run the practices. They even smoke in the locker room. When I first came up to the NHL I was too terrified to smoke in front of the coach. We snuck off to a toilet, if we dared. We had more enthusiasm, too. I used to be a holler guy, but these younger kids don't like that. I don't say so much anymore."

The younger players don't fight as much anymore, either, says Reggie. He can't understand this. "How do they release their frustrations?" he says, confused. And then, "Sometimes, though, I wish I was like them. That I could carry the puck and know that no one's gonna hit me from the blind side because I'm too fast and too smart. They're

smarter than I am. I have to be aggressive. I wish I was smart, but I'm not. I'm an emotional guy. I have to let off steam. I have a son 4 years old, and I want him to do what's right so badly that I explode at him. Some fathers can relate to their sons with words but others like me can only relate with our emotions."

Now that he is older, Reggie says he does not lose his temper so quickly any more. He tries to use it at the right time, rather than let it use him. But still, if there is one thing he is proud of



Reggie Fleming tried hard to express his teenage

over the years, it is this fact:

"I fought the biggest and the smallest for 10 years, and I never backed down from a fight," he says, his voice rising. "When I was with the Rangers, I had it all. I could bring them right up, emotionally, by the things I did on the ice. Then, when they traded me away, the writers said I wasn't really that tough after all. I was a cheap-shot artist. But they didn't say that when I was here, only when I was traded away."

"We're all from the same bushel of apples," says Jim Dorey. "Canada is a big country, bigger than the United States, but in a way it's smaller, too, more homogeneous. Some guys seem to be different, like Turk [Derek Sanderson

of the Bruins], but they aren't. None of us change much from the way we were in Canada."

Dorey gets out of his chair and begins fiddling with the dials on the television. He is a big, physical-looking man of 24. He stands 6'1" tall and weighs 190 pounds. He has deep-set brown eyes, a large square jaw, and shaggy hair that falls about his ears in the same way a faint's might. He is handsome and rugged and has not yet acquired all the scars of his profession. On this Sunday morning in a New York City hotel room he is dressed in a brown, pinstriped, double-breasted blazer, a yellow shirt, a wide red and brown tie, tan bell-bottoms and ankle-high leather boots. His clothes, although modestly cut, look both conservative and ill-suited for his muscular body. The air they lend him is of a man trying, but not quite able, to go against his grain.

When Dorey is satisfied with the picture, an old Western, he returns to his chair and says, "I play because I like the action. Hockey gives you a release for your emotions. I'm an emotional guy. If I get stalled in an elevator or a traffic jam, it builds up until I want to hit someone. But that's not acceptable in today's society. So I wait until I get on the ice. Then when I hit a guy, I feel good. I know he wasn't the cause of my aggression, but still it feels good. That's what I've wanted to do all day. Hockey gives a guy a chance to be himself. If you work in an office, you never tell people personal things that will let them

know you. We all want to, but we're afraid someone might laugh or walk away. So we keep it inside. But once you get on the ice, things happen so fast you can't keep anything inside. It's impossible not to be yourself. You don't have time to present a facade as you would at the office. Whether that's good or bad, I don't know. Hockey brings out your deepest subconscious attitudes that would never come out otherwise. A man can find out what he's got inside him, whether he's a bad guy, a coward, a good guy, whatever. You'll see it mirrored in the faces of the other players. The problem comes up when they see just what they are and don't like it very much.

"Some guys change for the better.

continued

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LOVE, HATE

continued



Just Dorey's thing out at U.S. Airlines has the bellhop

Take Stan Mikita. People say that he stopped being mean as he got older because he wanted to protect his career. I don't buy that. I think maybe Stan saw something in himself he didn't like. He scared him, so he clamped for the better. And all guys react like that. Some guys, when they see they're a bastard, get madder. They want to hurt somebody because they've shown themselves right or what they are.

Dorey reaches over and lowers the sound of the television, which has begun to interfere with his words, and then continues: "When I say a guy becomes mean, I don't mean tough. They're two different things entirely. A tough guy will slam you into the boards every time he gets on, and if he fights, it's just a natural reaction from the heat of the game. But a mean player, he'll try to hurt you. He'll use his stick. He'll plot to get you when nobody's looking. A lot of odd-timers in this league are mean, not tough. They're like those guys in the Eastern League."

Dorey stands up suddenly, unable to stand the weight of his blazer another moment. He pulls it off and throws it over the bed. Then he sits down. "Jeer, those guys are crazy! If I ever got sent down there I think I'd quit. In the Eastern League you've got a lot of old guys who are sore because they're not in the

NHL. They'll take it out on anyone they can. The young guys are wingers, too. They're hungry to move up, so they'll do anything to build a reputation, even if it means hitting someone with a stick. God, I don't ever want to go there. Most of the guys in the NHL are tough rather than mean. If they fight, it's because they explode emotionally. There's none of that calculated revenge stuff anymore."

While he is speaking, Dorey keeps glancing at the television set. At first he appears to be half-interested in the movie, but then it becomes apparent that the movie is distracting him. He gets up and clicks off the set. Then he tugs off his tie and throws it over his blazer. He returns to his seat with a deep breath and unbuttons the first few buttons of his shirt before going on.

"When I fight, it's a spontaneous reaction," he says. "I'm a spontaneous guy. My reactions are honest emotional outbursts, they're not prearranged. I don't go after guys. But because hockey is so fast you have to discipline yourself beforehand to react the right way. You can't ever forget about hockey. It follows you around. I can be reading a newspaper before a game, and I won't remember a word I'm reading, but my mind is telling me how I've got to check. Hakelek hard. The game's always there in the back of your head no matter what you're doing. You're always selling yourself; you've got to react quick, to be what you are, but quick."

His doorbell rings and Dorey looks up annoyed. Then he remembers he had ordered a Coke from room service. He goes to the door and opens it. A tiny, lean, red-faced bellhop at least 30 years old enters the room pushing a tray. He wheels it over to the bureau and turns around to face Dorey, who towers over him. The bellhop's cap, which floats about his ears, must be five sizes too large. He sticks out his hand, and Dorey gives him some money. The man looks at the money and says, "What kind of money is this?"

"It's Canadian," says Dorey. "Don't you got some American money?" the bellhop says. "Jeer, no," says Dorey. "What's wrong with that?"

The man looks at it again, suspiciously, and then at Dorey. "I can't take this money. It ain't the right kind."

Dorey looks at the man disbelievingly

and begins shaking his hands over his pants pockets, withdrawing keys, wallet, loose change in an attempt to find American currency. Finally he finds a dollar bill and hands it to the bellhop. The bellhop looks at it carefully, turns it over and walks out of the room. Dorey follows him to the door and shuts it angrily. He returns to his chair, unbuttons the rest of his shirt, pulls it out of his pants and sits down. He is silent for a moment, trying to remember where he was, and then he continues.

"Like I was saying, you've got to remind yourself to react spontaneously. You do this by preparing yourself every minute of the day. The way you react in a game shows how you've lived and prepared yourself. I mean, what kind of guy you are. If a guy reacts like a bastard on the ice, he knows that in life he's probably a bastard. He's revealed himself both to the people watching and himself. Maybe he was trying to hide it from himself, who knows? But now that it's in the open, it makes him bitter, and so he takes it out on anyone he can. He becomes even meaner. In hockey you have to step back now and then and look at yourself. How do I play this game? What does it mean?"

"When I first came up to the NHL I got a reputation for being quick with my fists. In one game I got 47 penalty minutes. I never thought I was any rougher than in the minors and I still don't think I was. But in the NHL everything is magnified by the publicity. You're always in the public eye. If you get into a fight in New York, everyone in the United States and Canada reads about it. Who reads about all those fights in New Haven? But I don't want a reputation as a fighter. I want to be a complete hockey player. So now I'm trying to control myself, trying not to fight as much. But, damn, it's hard. That's not the way I am. I'm forcing myself to react against my nature. But if I ever want to be a good player, I'll have to do it."

Dorey stands up again and takes off his shirt. He throws it over the bed with his jacket and tie. He is wearing no undershirt. He flexes his shoulder muscles as if to loosen them up after shedding a great weight, then he sinks back into his chair.

"I watch Jacques Plante play the game. Jeer, I'll never know as much as him. He makes it all look so damned



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LOVE, HATE

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easy. He's so smart. I don't want to be only a physical player, no brains, nothing to fall back on when you burn yourself out. But sometimes you can't help yourself. Every game is a test of your courage. You question yourself. Did I let up that game? Did I act like a man? Did I back off? Those questions are always there. If you doubt your courage for a minute, you have to eat it until the next game. Then you go out and hit the first guy you see. But it's only in your mind, the test, I mean. You build it up until you believe you're only as tough as your last game, that if you let down one game, just one, then everyone will know, and they'll all run at you. You've got to continually prove yourself. I don't think we play this game just to prove we're men, like Joe Kapp and his machismo thing. It's too high a price to pay. But even though that's not the reason, in the long run, that's what it's all about, to prove you're a man."

On Jan. 28, 1971, six weeks after he was hit in the face by a puck (which subsequently cost him an eye), George Guibault of the New Haven Blades of the Eastern Hockey League was presented with a \$16,000 check at the New Haven Arena. The arena was filled to capacity with over 4,000 fans, many of whom had helped raise Guibault's gift. The

fans had come partly to see Guibault accept the fruits of their labor and partly to see if his career-ending injury would affect his teammates, who would battle the Long Island Ducks that night. At the time the Blades were in first place in the Northern Division of the EHL. They held that position, a fan said, because of their style of play, which he described as "legalized assault and battery." He added that George Guibault was lucky. He only lost an eye, for which he got \$16,000 and a ticket out of the Eastern Hockey League.

The Blades and the arena are well suited to one another. Both are forbidding. The ceiling of the arena is a maze of metal supports and wires and cobwebs that cast eerie shadows over the spectators below. Its walls and floor are concrete, which intensifies the slightest sound, turning a slapped puck into a rifle shot and a player checked against the boards into an explosion. The playing ice is bordered by numerous wooden partitions. Their purpose was once to keep players from flying into the stands, but they have been so battered over the years that, with every impact, fans in the first three rows cringe. The partitions, once painted white, are now stained with the marks of pucks and the dried blood of the injured.

Surrounding much of the ice is a high metal fence. It is there both to keep flying pucks from hitting the fans and to keep flying fans from hitting the players—a common occurrence in the EHL. When the fans feel the action is lagging a bit and want to express their disapproval, they grasp the fence with both hands and shake it. This causes a rattling sound to vibrate around the ice. The impression it creates is that one is in a zoo witnessing the torment of caged animals, only it is not quite clear on which side of the ice the animals reside. The fans say that all the animals are on the ice—and the most savage on this night in early 1971 is a 5' 11", 210-pound Scotch-Lebanese defenseman named Kevin Morrison.

It is not hard to spot Morrison on this particular night. Before the game is a minute old he crashes a Long Island player into the boards with such force that they splinter. The fans rattle the fence to show their approval, even though the play was meaningless; the Long Island man was not within 20 feet of the puck. In EHL games, it seems, a

hockey puck is an extraneous item, something like an appendix. Although the players are burdened with it, they appear to have no use for it. The real purpose of the game is to see how often and how viciously a Blade can bash an opposing skater into the boards—or through them.

Morrison, a curly-haired young man of 22, admits he has to work harder to make contact than do his teammates. He is slower, he says. But he makes up for this lack of speed with a tireless devotion that sees him skating from opposing player to opposing player, smashing them into the boards regardless of whether or not they have the puck. Morrison is so feared that if a man is carrying the puck toward the New Haven goal and he senses Morrison bearing down on him from behind, he will leave the puck and skate elsewhere. In the 1970 EHL playoffs Morrison accumulated 44 penalty minutes and one match penalty, but not before he knocked the Johnstown goalie unconscious. The goalie thought he was protected because he was inside his net. In a game prior to the playoffs Morrison simultaneously broke the nose of one player and separated the shoulder of another.

On George Guibault Night, Morrison has bashed five Long Island players before six minutes of the first period have elapsed. His stick has yet to touch the puck. He is skating toward a loose puck when a Long Island player cuts in front of him and steals it. Morrison charges after him and pushes him from behind with both gloves. The player falls flat on his face, sliding about 10 feet on the ice. When he comes to a stop, Morrison is standing over him with cocked fists. Another Long Island player, Reg Krezanski, comes to the aid of his fallen teammate. Before he can say a word, Morrison hits him in the temple with a right hook. Immediately, Don Perry sends his entire bench onto the ice to aid Morrison. The Long Island coach does the same. Morrison now has Krezanski bent over his own goal and is throwing punches after solid punch into his face. The officials seem too frightened to intervene, so they are trying to separate the rest of the players, who have squared off in a number of less lethal bouts. By now the arena fans have begun to rattle the wire fence so vigorously that small shock waves seem to be traveling around the ice. Some of



Kevin Morrison's great fear was of the fans.



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LOVE, HATE

continued

the younger fans have started to climb the fence. Policemen have come rushing from every exit and are trying to pull the fans off the fence, but they cling with a fierce tenacity, dangling sometimes by one hand while two and three policemen pull at their kicking feet.

Fights in the EHL are fierce and seemingly endless. This one lasts 15 minutes. Ultimately Krezanski and Morrison square off at center ice for about 10 minutes, circling, jabbing, circling some more, jabbing, like two well-trained professional fighters, until finally they are too weary even to raise their arms. Then the referees come between them and lead them both toward the penalty box. As Morrison skates past an opposing player he pushes him to the ice for no apparent reason. The fence rattles its approval. Morrison and Krezanski receive consecutive five-minute penalties. They are seated in one small box separated by only about three feet and two nervous policemen. The game continues.

Morrison, who was born in Nova Sco-

tia, said he was never a tough player until he went to Quebec to compete in a Junior A League. In three years in Sydney he said he never had a penalty. He was following the same procedure in Quebec when he was told he was going to be cut by the club. The following night he started four fights. He was not cut. In Junior A, Morrison fought to keep a job, but once he came under Coach Don Perry's supervision at New Haven fighting became integral to his style.

"Don sent me after different guys," says Morrison. "He would say get this guy or that one; that when I see a teammate get hit by a guy to eventually get him. I wouldn't have been there if it wasn't for Don. At first I was disappointed that I had to play this way—no one likes people calling him an animal but then I realized it was only a dream to think I could be a Bobby Orr. I owe a lot to Perry. He taught me never to wait until the other guy throws the first punch, to always hit the man first and

then go after the puck. He helped me psych myself up to play this type of game."

Unlike many young players with a reputation for toughness, Morrison doesn't mind admitting that at times he has felt fear on the ice. "When I first came to the EHL, I was scared. I had heard about all the headhunters in this league. I figured the only way to stay was to be a bigger headhunter. Eventually I became more afraid of the fans. When I went to other towns, they threw beer bottles and cans at my head. I was afraid I would get killed. If this story ever comes out about me, then the players will all be running at me even more. Then it'll be a tossup between the fans and the players to see who gets me first."

Morrison added that the safest thing for him would be to make the National Hockey League—quickly. This year he fights for the Fort Worth Wings of the Central Hockey League, a small but substantial step up. The NHL is still a good distance away. **END**



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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

OPENING SHOTS

Sirs,

SI's basketball research rates a top salute? I have just reviewed your 1970-71 Top 20 selections (I kept the Nov. 30, 1970 issue out of curiosity). You hit on 14 of the 20 in the final standings—with your pick of UCLA for No. 1 and your cover photo of Sidney Wicks also on target. That is superb research!

This, I viewed your new Top 20 *College Basketball's Great Season*, Nov. 29) with great interest. I watched Lew Alcindor (Kareem Jabbar) play every finish game at UCLA, as I did Bill Walton. I thought Walton was better as a fresh, much more competitive Albo, watch Henry Bibby. Again, I salute your reportorial team.

MAURIS W. FEHR

Los Angeles

Sirs,

Thanks so much for finally giving Jimmy Chones and the rest of the Marquette Warriors the praise and credit they deserve. Curry Kirkpatrick's fine article showed Jimmy as the real person he is. Also, thanks for ranking the Warriors No. 1. That's where they deserve to be, and I'm sure they'll show everyone that you are right!

BARRY DUMMAR

West Allis, Wis.

Sirs,

Since you have said that the Milwaukee Bucks are the best team in the NBA, that the Marquette Warriors are most likely to be the NCAA champions and that the Eau Claire High schoolers are probably the best small-college team in America, is it not possible to conclude that Wisconsin has suddenly become the basketball capital of the world?

BILL ROBINSON

West Bend, Wis.

Sirs,

Congratulations on your selection of the Long Beach State 49ers as a member of your top five. It became obvious to West Coast basketball fans after last year's near miss vs. UCLA that Long Beach is becoming the strongest power in Southern California, replacing the young Bruins and the injured Trojans. SI's foresight in placing the 49ers ahead of UCLA and USC will be substantiated when Jerry Tarkanian's team becomes the Cinderella team of the NCAA final.

JAMES C. FROMA

Long Beach, Calif.

Sirs,

You have put every team in its place, except for one little mistake. UCLA doesn't

have Sidney Wicks and Curtis Rowe, but the Bruins are No. 1.

JEFF DAVIS

Fairfax, Va.

LAST LAUGH

Now that the 1971 football season is coming to an end, I want to thank you for all the chuckles you have given me. I laughed through the first third of the season as each week SI came out ranking Notre Dame ahead of Nebraska, but I roared at the thought of it, now. I was grinning the whole month of November when you insisted on putting Oklahoma above Nebraska, but I absolutely rolled in the ankles when your Nov. 29 issue came out listing Oklahoma No. 1. Now, I suggest you all sit back and watch Nebraska make it two years in a row.

BOB CANNON

Lincoln, Neb.

Sirs,

I thought the article by Dan Jenkins, *This Year's Game of the Decade* (Nov. 22), was excellent and can't wait to see how you will now handle the Orange Bowl!

CARL LINDEMANN JR.,
Vice President
NBC Sports

New York City

Sirs,

A few years ago Oklahoma won 47 straight football games and you ran a cover story on the Sooners. The next week Notre Dame stopped the win streak. A little later, in the mid-1960s, Tex Maule did a cover story on the Dallas Cowboys predicting that they would win the division title, but the Cowboys, alas, didn't reach the story. The ones around the land each time were quick and pointedly blunt, "The SI jinx has struck!"

Also during the '60s, Dan Jenkins stuck his neck out and predicted that Texas would be the 1963 season's national champion. Texas proved him right! And a little while later, in the bowl predictions for Jan. 4, 1967, Sports Illustrated said that ferocious Georgia would better SMU in the Cotton Bowl. And Georgia did! Then this year, Dan Jenkins threw his whole body on the line and said that if Oklahoma fumbled three times Nebraska would win. (Man, talk about a writer with guts!) Oklahoma did fumble three times and Nebraska won.

'Tis better to have dared and died than never to have dared at all, especially when you can call the shots ahead of time down to three fumbles! More power to you, SI!

JERRY KANSTADLER

Fort Worth

ENDING PINK

Sirs,

Coach Bo Schembechler was correct when he said that Michigan "will never be No. 1 in the nation because of the press" (Football's Witk, Nov. 22). Just look at your Nov. 29 issue. The Ohio State-Michigan game was covered in our paragraph, while the LSU-Notre Dame game and the Big Pink of Vassar got the headlines.

Over the past two years Michigan has lost one game (to an unbeaten Ohio State), which is a better record than that of any other major college team with the exceptions of Toledo and Nebraska.

By the way, have you ever heard 104,000 people scream at once?

PAUL VAN BEEK

Grand Rapids, Mich.

Sirs,

Thanks, Lynn Sammons! The article *Best of the Ponder Pink's* (Nov. 29) was great. The Vassar Big Pink is a great team to root for. Whoopee! Butch Hirsch for Coach of the Year. And let's salute the champions of the Big Two: Sorry, Sarah Lawrence, but you've got a long way to go to reach Vassar's "big-time" football status!

DENNIS L. SMITH

Copperas Cove, Texas

Sirs,

Three discreet sheets for your brilliant article on the Vassar football squad and its superstar, Broadway Mark Cohen. I have followed this remarkable athlete's career for five years and am glad he is being recognized. He is not only a top quarterback, but a stellar stackball outfielder and three-on-three basketball player as well. But it is his quarterbacking in the Upset of the Century that is justly immortalized in your article.

ALEX WILSON
Bard College

Annandale-on-Hudson, N.Y.

BUFFALO'S BRAVES

Sirs,

Great article on Elmore Smith *Forever of a New Tough Castle*, Nov. 22! I'm also glad to see something nice said about the Braves. They certainly will be the team of the future with Linsore in the middle.

BON JONES

Findlay, Ohio

Sirs,

Your magazine makes Buffalo's weather sound like we live around the corner from Antarctica. Believe me, this is not the case. We have beautiful skunk weather and fine, warm gilding weather. It really is the perfect climate for an all-round sportsman.

JOHN WOOD



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16TH HOLE

honor. Agreed, Cosell is very controversial and quite often repetitive. But above all, he creates an interest. The world of sport needs more Howard Cosells to stimulate the public and generate enthusiasm. Mr. Cosell has done a terrific job for years.

DAVE ANSELL

New City, N.Y.

Sirs:

I nominate Don Garlits. This year Garlits proved once and for all that rear-engine dragsters can compete with conventional slingshot dragsters. Garlits proved his point by winning numerous NHRA and AHRA meets. He turned an unbelievable 6.21 along with many other quarters in the 6-20 to 6-30 range. He also ran his "digger" to speeds well over 230 mph.

Because of what Garlits has done with his rear-engine dragster, drag racing will undoubtedly become a much safer sport.

KRAGG L. WHITE

Whittier, Calif.

Sirs:

The year 1971 saw at least the beginning of the end of Muhammad Ali and the advent of Evonne Goolagong, like a breath of fresh air on the tennis scene. Lddie Merckx made it three in a row in this world's most grueling sporting event, the Tour de France, while Jackie Stewart proved once more to be the best driver on land. And Roberto Clemente played the star role in the Private victory in the World Series. But they must all give way to Lee Trevino, who, with his hat trick of victories in the U.S., Canadian and British opens its feat unlikely ever to be repeated, was undoubtedly the sports star of 1971. Yes, SuperMex must be your Sportsman of the Year.

FINBARR SEATERS

Killarney, Ireland

GOOD BADMINTON

Sirs:

Badminton fans were cheered by the fine article written by Dan Levin (*What Kind of Racket Is This?*, Nov. 22). He captured the true spirit of dyed-in-the-wool badminton players. Badminton is an excellent indoor sport for those who want plenty of exercise and fun.

When Chou En-lai entertained the Pong-Pong delegation in Red China, he observed that badminton was one of the two fastest games played. If the Red Chinese badminton players are invited to enter international competition, they may well march off with all the honors.

KENNETH V. DANIELS

Birmingham, Mich.

Address editorial mail to **TIME & LIFE Bldg., Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.**

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